

THE

1607/5582.

SPARTAN DAME.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

IN

D R U R Y - L A N E,

By His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

By Mr. SOUTHERNE.

Pellex ego facta Sororis.

Ov. Met. L. 6.

THE FIFTH EDITION:

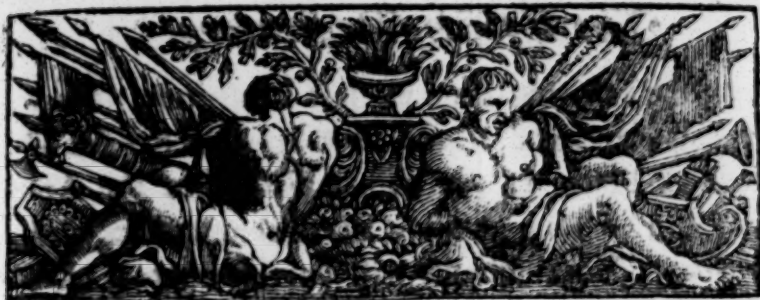
With the Addition of the 400 Lines omitted in
the Representation, and the former Editions.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. CHETWOOD at *Cato's-Head*,
in *Russel-street, Covent-Garden.* 1721.

1607/5582





To his GRACE the
Duke of *AR G Y L E*
and *GREENWICH*, &c.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS are the only Effects that are expected to be produc'd from a Poetical Estate, towards the Payment of our Debts.

THE Success of the *Spartan Dame* has been so extraordinary, that the Income of her Reputation has enabled me to pay down some of those Acknowledgments for the many Favours, which I have receiv'd from Your Grace: I have ever thought it one of the greatest, that I have been allow'd to be so frequently near Your Grace's Person, where I have had those great Qualities to admire, which have so universally distinguish'd You, at Home, and Abroad, to be of the first Names in *Europe*.

YOUR forward Valour in War, was very early known to the World; and Your Conduct in

The Epistle Dedicatory.

it, to the last, has been no less Illustrious. *Flanders, Spain, and Scotland*, have been the Scenes of Your Actions, in the highest Ranks of the Army; and so long as those Wars remain recorded in Story, Your Name will be remembred with Honour.

THE whole Course of Your Life has been carry'd on in the same Spirit and Vigour. The Court, and Camp, Cabinet, and Senate, have been all, on different Occasions, Witnesses of Your eminent Abilities, and Publick Virtues; as Your generous Protection of Your Friends, and engaging Courtesy to all Mankind, are daily Instances of Your private Virtues.

My Lord, such heroick Merit, such useful Accomplishments, and such agreeable Manners, have justly made Your Grace esteem'd a most Noble, and most Worthy Patron.

I am,

May it please Your Grace,


Your ever Oblig'd, and

most Obedient Humble Servant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.



THE P R E F A C E.

 *HIS Tragedy was begun a Year before the Revolution, and near four Acts written without any View, but upon the Subject, which I took from the Life of Agis in Plutarch. Many things interfering with those Times, I laid by what I had written for seventeen Years: I shew'd it then to the late Duke of Devonshire, who was in every regard a Judge; he told me, he saw no Reason why it might not have been acted the Year of the Revolution: I then finish'd it, and, as I thought, cut out the exceptionable Parts, but could not get it acted, not being able to persuade my self to the cutting off those Limbs which I thought essential to the Strength and Life of it: But since I found it must pine in Obscurity without it, I consented to the Operation; and after the Amputation of every Line, very near the Number of Four Hundred, it stands on its own Legs still, and by the Favour of the Town, and indulging Assistance of Friends, has come successfully forward upon the Stage.*

P R E F A C E.

The following Lines were added by the Author upon the occasion of Printing the Play intire, as it was first writ.

In this Edition you have the Spartan Dame, as she was originally drawn, with the Lines inserted (with this Mark “) which were left out in the A-ction. The Play was begun by the Command of the Duke of Berwick, and encourag’d by many never to be forgotten Favours of that great Man: I was a Lieutenant in his Regiment, when most advantageously recommended to him by the famous Colonel Sarsfield, of Ireland, afterwards Earl of Lucan. His Grace gave me a Company, and discovered in a little time, a generous Disposition of making my Fortune; which, as it would have been no hard Matter for a King’s Favourite Son to accomplish, he would probably have finish’d, had not the Changes of the World, depriv’d his Country of his Service, and his Dependants of his Support. I was then tumbled down from a high Expectation, but afterwards happily laid in the Way of his Grace of Argyle, who has always been a Promoter of my little Interest, and a Favourer of this Tragedy in its confinement, and disgrace; which, since its coming abroad, has this to be proud of, that it has been patroniz’d by the illustrious Names of Berwick, and Argyle. I have now an Opportunity of doing Justice to the Dead, by acknowledging that the last Scene of the 3d Act, was almost all written by the Honorable

P R E F A C E.

vable John Stafford, the most excellent Father of the present most worthy Earl of Stafford. 'Tis an Argument of Honesty, that I can restore to the Family a Treasure, so long deposited in my Hands, I mean, the Reputation of the best Scene in the Play: But I have my Reward in the honourable Fame, of having so noble a Friend in so masterly a Writer, to joyn with me in the Composition. I have but this to say for the Bookseller, that as he has paid me the extraordinary Price of one hundred and twenty Pounds for an imperfect Picture of the Spartan Dame, so, since it is finish'd, and the Lady at full Length, by the Addition of so many Lines, which were chiefly the Lineaments, and, to be presumed, the Ornaments of her Character, I wish she may appear as amiable in the Eyes of the Town, for his Advantage, as she did for my Profit in his; when Mr. Chetwood fell so dangerously, so desperately in love with her, and, in defiance of all Rivals, bad so expensively high for her Favour.





PROLOGUE

*By Mr. Fenton, and spoken by
Mr. Cibber.*

WHEN Realms are ravag'd with invasive Foes,
Each Bosom with heroick Ardor glows;
Old Chiefs, reflecting on their former Deeds,
Disdain to rust with batter'd Invalides;
But active in the foremost Ranks appear,
And leave young smock-fac'd Beaux to guard the Rear.
So, to repel the Vandals of the Stage,
Our Vet'ran Bard resumes his Tragic Rage :
He throws the Gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
And calls for Englishmen to judge the Field:
Thus arm'd, to rescue Nature from Disgrace,
Messieurs ! lay down your Minstrells, and Grimace :
The brawniest Youths of Troy the Combat fear'd,
When old Entellus in the Lists appear'd.
Yet what avails the Champion's Giant Size,
When Pigmies are made Umpires of the Prize ?
Your Fathers (Men of Sense, and honest Bowlers)
Disdain'd the Mummery of foreign Strollers :
By their Examples wou'd you form your Taste,
The present Age might emulate the past.
We hop'd that Art and Genius had secur'd you ;
But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you :
The Muses blush'd, to see their Friends exalting,
Those elegant Delights of Figg, and Vaulting :

PROLOGUE.

*So charm'd you were, you ceas'd awhile to doat
On Nonsense, gargl'd in an Eunuch's Throat.
All pleas'd to hear the chatt'ring Monsters speak,
As old Wives wonder at the Parson's Greek.
Such light Ragousts and Mushrooms may be good,
To whet your Appetites for wholesome Food:
But the bold Britton ne'er in earnest dines
Without substantial Haunches, and Surloins.
In Wit, as well as War, they give us Vigour;
Cressy was lost by Kickshaws, and Soupe meagre.
Instead of light Desserts, and luscious Froth,
Our Poet treats To-night with Spartan Broth;
To which, as well as all his former Feasts,
The Ladies are the chief-invited Guests.
Crown'd with a kind of Glassenbury Bays,
That bloom amid the Winter of his Days;
He comes, ambitious in his green Decline,
To consecrate his Wreath at Beauty's Shrine.
His Oroonoko never fail'd to engage
The radiant Circles of the former Age:
Each Bosom heav'd, all Eyes were seen to flow,
And sympathize with Isabella's Woe:
But Fate reserv'd, to crown his elder Fame,
The brightest Audience for the Spartan Dame.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Leonidas</i> , a King of <i>Sparta</i> , driven out by the People.	}	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Cleombrotus</i> , attains the King- dom by the Expulsion of <i>Le-</i> <i>onidas</i> , marry'd to <i>Celona</i> , but in Love with her Sister <i>The-</i> <i>lamia</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
<i>Eurytion</i> , Husband to <i>Tbelamia</i> , of <i>Leonidas</i> 's Party.	}	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
<i>Agefilaus</i> , the <i>Ephorus</i> , an In- cendiary of the People against <i>Leonidas</i> , and fast to the In- terest of <i>Cleombrotus</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Corey</i> .
<i>Lyfander</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Thurmond</i> .
<i>Zenocles</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Mandrocles</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Will. Mills</i> .
<i>Thracion</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Oates</i> .
<i>Crites</i> , Husband to <i>Bizantbe</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Gibber</i> .
<i>Cleon</i> .		
<i>Timæus</i> .		

W O M E N.

<i>Celona</i> , or <i>Chelonis</i> , Daughter of <i>Leonidas</i> , marry'd to <i>Cle-</i> <i>ombrotus</i> .	}	Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i> .
<i>Tbelamia</i> , her Sister, Wife to <i>Eurytion</i> .	}	Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .
<i>Euphemia</i> , another Sister, a Re- cluse in <i>Diana</i> 's Temple.	}	Mrs. <i>Seal</i> .
<i>Byzantbe</i> , a Relation, and At- tendant on <i>Tbelamia</i> .	}	Mrs. <i>Garnet</i> .
Citizens, Guards, Gentlemen, and Attendants.		

SCENE SPARTA.




THE SPARTAN DAME.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Agésilauſ, Mandrocles, *and* Cleon.

AGESILAUS.

“ AVE you prepar'd the Bills?

Cleon. “ They're ready, Sir.

Ageſ. “ Then haſten to the Senate, and
be ſure

Propoſe 'em as the buſineſs of the Day :
They'll take up all our Time.

Cleon. I wo't fail.

[*Exit.*]

Mand. “ The rich Men all join with *Leonidas*.

“ His Party ſtrong, and vigorous againſt

“ Thoſe Bills, and Uſ; they wo't eaſily paſs.

Ageſ. “ Paſs! they ſhall paſs: the People ſide with Uſ,

“ They're now in Arms, array'd, and diſciplin'd,

“ To baniſh him the City, or depoſe him,

“ If he appear againſt Uſ.

Mand.

12 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Mand. " He indeed

" Agrees not with the humour of the Times,

" Nor fits our purpose.

Agel. " Then *Cleombrotus*

" Assists our Cause, out of a Royal Hope

" The Tumult may depose his Father, then

He is a King.

Mand. The Change will mend us all.

Cleombrotus and Thracion to 'em.

Cleom. The Harvest of our Hopes at last is come,

Rich in a Crop that will reward the Toil;

A plenteous Crop, to fill the Reaper's Hand,

And with the Binder's Shaves load every Barn.

Agel. Let us not then stand idle: every Man

His Sickle to the Work. You *Mandrocles*,

And *Thracion*, you, must to your several Posts.

Cleom. Summon our Friends, and lead your Parties to

The *Hippodrome*: We shall have need of you.

Thra. You sha'not want us long.

Mand. We wo'not fail you.

Agel. I am the Engineer to fire the Senate;

The Flame must break out there.

Cleom. I'll follow you.

If we succeed, a King shall thank your Loves. [*Exeunt.*]

Celona enters to Cleombrotus.

Cleom. *Celona* here! my Wife!

Celo. Your loving Wife.

Cleom. You're early up to-day.

Celo. My Bed, my Lord,

Has no more Charms for me, when you are gone.

Cleom. Dress'd sooner too than usual.

Celo. My Beauties,

Such as they are, are honest, and my own;

They go to Bed with me, with me they rise,

And need not many Hours in putting on.

Besides, for me to court my Morning Glass,

And practise Looks, were loss of Time indeed.

I am already what the Vanity

Of a fond dressing Pride, in all its height,
And Wantonness of Expectation,
Can raise my Wishes to; I am your Wife,
Most honour'd in that Title; and despise
Th' Applause and Breath of any other Praise,
Than of my Virtue, and Obedience now.

Cleom. Hear this, you libelling Marriage-mortifiers!
You unhous'd, lawless, rambling Libertines!
Senseless of any Charm in Love, beyond
The Prostitution of a common Bed,
Lewdly enjoy'd, and loath'd: hear, hear, and kneel
Before this Shrine, repent, and all get Wives;
That from the healthy Constitution
Of your own chaste Endearments, you may guess
At what I feel, too mighty for my Tongue.

Celo. O stop not here! my listening Soul is charm'd
Into my Ears, and dies upon the Sound
Of ev'ry Word, soft as a Lover's Wish,
And I cou'd hear you ever.

Cleom. O my fair One!
There is a Story, but I have not time
Now to inform thee in it —

Celo. O my Fears!

[*Aside.*

Cleom. That will delight thee —

Celo. Your Words always do,

Cleom. Ay, but these Words carry strong Sense indeed,
A Sovereign Sense.

Celo. The Meaning is too plain.

[*Aside.*

Cleom. I won't anticipate the Happiness,
By telling what you will so quickly find:
But raise your Wishes high, mount your Desires
On bold Ambition's Wing; whose airy Flight
Shoots thro' the Clouds, to mingle with the Stars——
When next we meet, I shall behold thee——

Celo. A miserable Woman.

Cleom. How, *Celona*!

Celo. O my *Cleombrotus*! my Lord, my Life!
What Furies urge you on this desp'rate Course,
That leads to certain Ruin?

Cleom. Whither wou'dst thou?

Celo,

Celo. I fear'd indeed before, but now I find
The *Ephori*, those Fiends of popular Pow'r,
By damning Spells have wrought upon your Soul,
Seduc'd you into a Combination
Of their black Plots against *Leonidas*:

" *Leonidas*, a King, and Father too!

" O sound those awful Words: Methinks there waits

" A Reverence upon the very Names,

" That should disarm the Resolution

" Of every Heart, and Hand, that would rebel.

Why do you turn away?

Cleom. O! I must leave you.

Celo. I am your self, my Lord.

Cleom. Pray let me go.

Celo. Half of your self, your Wife.

Cleom. You are my Wife.

Celo. And in that Right I speak, and shou'd be heard.
My Fame must live but in your Chronicle:
And as your Actions show to After-times,
My Memory will be honour'd, or despis'd;
Therefore I speak, and therefore must be heard.

Cleom. Then I must hear you.

Celo. Suffer not, my Lord,
Th' industrious Malice of our Histories,
To take th' Advantage of a Crime like this,
To stain the glorious Story of our Lives,
And curse our Names to late Posterity.

Cleom. " Why, if the People, as they are incens'd
" Against the King, should offer to depose him:
" How can we help our selves? I but stand out
" The next, and lineally succeeding Heir,
" And wo'not loose my Right.

Celo. " Your Right, my Lord,
" Is nothing, the King living, tho' depos'd,
" Unless you stand upon the People's Voice,
" Preferring their Election to a long
" Hereditary Line of *Spartan* Kings,
" Deriv'd from the rich Blood of *Hercules*.

" *Cleom.* I claim in my descent from *Hercules*,
" No otherwise.

Celo,

Celo. "O! I have heard you say,
 " You scorn'd an Empire, at the publick Price
 " Of slavish Thanks, and base-born Courtesie:
 " Keep up that Spirit still, and do not now
 " Like a young wasteful Heir, mortgage the Hopes
 " Of Godlike Majesty, on bankrupt terms,
 " To raise a present Pow'r, that's sickly held
 " By the frail Tenure of the Peoples Will.

Cleo. Thou wou'dst not have me stand a Looker on?
 Behold the strongest Hand carry the Prize
 Of Empire from my Hopes?

Celo. My Soul disdains
 The Weakness of that Thought: No, no, my Lord,
 I wou'd not have you tame at such a time,
 Boldly assert the Cause of Majesty,
 " The Right of the good King, his Right, and yours;
 For yours is the Succession.

Cleom. What I do,
 Is to secure it mine.

Celo. "O have a care!
 " Let not Ambition lose what thus it toils for.
 " When once the People get the jadish Trick
 " Of throwing off their Kings, no Ruler's safe:
 " 'Tis in the Nature of Man's Wickedness,
 " To stop at nothing that will bear Excuse:
 " And Precedent is more than an Excuse;
 " It takes the Force of Law: How then, my Lord?
 " If as they would Un-king my Father now
 " To make your way, their giddy Humour changing,
 " They drive you out to make another Room?
 " For what has been, they say, may be again;
 " And you are made th' Example of that Truth.

Cleom. "No more!
 " This Theam does not become a Woman's mouth.
Celo. "Indeed it does not, Sir; a King's just Cause
 " Shou'd never plead in poor precarious Words,
 " But in the Voice of Thunder: Then we tremble,
 " Sink in our Fears, and fall before the Throne;
 " Then how we roar and promise Loyalty——

Cleom. "This is a preaching Spirit, give it o'er.

Celo. "O! think what 'tis to be the Peoples Slave;

"To

16 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

“ To owe your Pow’r to their Inconstancy:
 “ For shou’d the good Gods leave their heavenly Thrones,
 “ To rule below, they could not please us long:
 “ The sawcy Censurers of Sovereign Sway
 “ Wou’d tax their Government; Divinity
 “ It self were not secure, without a Guard
 “ Of Bolts, and Flames, to awe rebellious Man.

Boy enters.

Boy. *Crites*, my Lord, attends you.

[*Exit.*

Cleom. Pray retire,

And in this Confidence, that all my Actions
 Shall wait upon my Honour.

Celo. That’s my Hope,

Your Honour must engage you to the King,
 And in that Hope I leave you.

[*Exit.*

Cleom. Tender, and Chaste, and Fair! nay, she was once
 The boasted Pride, and Judgment of my Choice:
 So she was thought, and so I valu’d her:
 But she’s my Wife; and nothing, but a Wife,
 With all her Charms, could have been stale so soon.

Crites enters behind him.

O Curse of Marriage! Plenty makes its Wants;
 And what was meant Love’s Food, starves all its Joys:
 The Feasts come quicker than our Appetites;
 Yet forcing Nature still, at last we cloy,
 And surfeit ev’n to loathing.

Crit. My good Lord,

Thelamia may restore —

Cleom. My Health, my Life,

She only can, my *Crites*. O that Sound!
 The very Mention of *Thelamia*’s Name,
 Like a strong Philter, rages in my Veins,
 Shoots thro’ the boiling Channels of my Blood,
 Up to my Heart; then with fresh Fury fed,
 Strikes at my Brain, where forming Fancy sits,
 Divining Pleasures in *Thelamia*’s Arms;
 Which thou, and I, in all our Search of Love,
 And Riots in Experience of the Sex,
 Cou’d ne’er find out in any other Woman:
 O! she is excellent, and in that Thought
 I must enjoy her.

Crit.

Crit. She's *Eurytion's* now:

The Priest but yesterday receiv'd their Vows,
Their mutual Vows, blest'd 'em, and made 'em One.

Cleom. How! made 'em One! O! that the cunning Priest
Had conjur'd Us together, made Us One;
Incorporated Body, Blood, and Life,
Our Spirits mix'd, and Love been all our Soul:
Then I had been his Votary for ever.

What's to be done? Speak thou, who can'st advise.

Crit. She's your Wife's Sister.

Cleom. That's a Name indeed, too distant from my Hopes.

Crit. Then best forgotten. She knows your Love?

Cleom. She must have known it long,
But warily affects an Ignorance,
That flies the Notice of it.

Crit. She perhaps
Mistakes it only for a Brother's Love.

Cleom. No, no, she knows me, and my Meaning well.

Crit. And flies for Refuge to *Eurytion's* Arms;
She must not 'scape you so. *Eurytion*,
Fast to *Leonidas*, opposes you,
And every Way——

Cleom. His Virtue bluntly stands
Just in my Aim of Empire, as of Love.

Crit. Remove him then, and all your Plots fly sure,
Point blank; and level to the very White
Of your Designs.

Cleom. *Trelamia*, and a Crown——

Crit. They go together.

Cleom. In that only Thought
I'll conquer even Impossibilities:
I know the Appearance is to Reason hard;
But a King's Love should never know Despair.

Crit. Despair! name not the Word: You know, my Lord,
I'm fortunately for your Service marry'd
Into *Eurytion's* Family: My Wife
Gives me a Title to their Confidence,
Which I've improv'd, by a professing Zeal
“ Of Loyalty, and Roaring for the King,

18 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

To such a Reputation, that has been
A Key to all their Counsels. I have serv'd
Your politick Designs, and may assist
Your Love Affairs.

Cleom. O! there is Life in thee.

Crit. All, Sir, depends upon this very Day
For the Success: hark, you are summon'd forth [Shouts.
To head the Crowd: If your Ambition thrive,
You have her in your Pow'r.

Cleom. If that shou'd fail,
I wo'not fail my self; Force shall prevail. [Exeunt.
[Shouts again.

Lyfander and Zenocles enter.

Lyf. What's to be done? All's in a wild Combustion.

Zen. The People, like a Torrent in its Fall,
Disdaining Opposition, bear down all
Before 'em: Ceremonies, Customs, Rites,
Laws humane and divine; Orders, and Men
Devoted to the Gods, profan'd, and scorn'd.

Lyf. All Quality, Distinction, and Degree
Of Place, or Virtue, swept away, like Rubbish,
By the vile Hands of popular Confusion.

Zen. Our Party in the Senate-House, I thought,
Was strong enough, concluding on those Fools
Of Argument, and Noise, who roar'd for us:
But when it came to Blows, our Orators,
So famous for their Battles at the Bar,
And Victory in Words, sneak'd from their Chairs,
Stinted their Rhet'rick to a single Prayer,
And wish'd us well—

Lyf. Slaves! who, but Minutes since,
Drew down the Terror of loud Laws upon us,
And spoke in Thunder; now, tho' they see the Rabble,
“ With more than barbarous Brutality,
“ Driving their lawful Monarch thro' the Streets,
Have not the Courage of a Lister's Voice,
To bid 'em keep the Peace.

Zen. *Eurytion* yet
Stands firm, and constant “ to the Royal Cause.

Lyf.

Lys. O'erpower'd by the Multitude, I saw him
Retreat towards *Juno's* Temple.

Zen. There the Street

Is narrow, and may friend our Purpose well.

Lys. Th' Example of his Loyalty may steel us
To the performance of some glorious Action,
Great as our Cause, becoming honest Men.

Crites with Euphemia enters to 'em.

Zen. The fair *Euphemia*!

Lys. O! thou Royal Maid!

No Sanctuary left for Innocence!

Euph. 'Tis fit my Father's Fortune shou'd be mine.

Crit. I've snatch'd this Casket from the common Spoil,
Worthy the Safeguard of the general Gods:

And, as my Master's Heart is treasur'd here,

Will place her in the Virgin Goddess' Shrine.

Zen. The Gods, and good Mens Pray'rs must side with us.

[*Ex. Crites with Euphemia one way, Lyfander
and Zenocles another.*]

Enter Mandrocles and Thracion heading a Rabble of Citizens.

Mand. " Nay Fellow-Citizens, you shall be satisfied

" In every Point.

Thra " And have the Reasons.

1 *Cit.* " Why if we have Law for what we do,

" What care we for Reason?

2 *Cit.* Law is above Reason, I hope.

3 *Cit.* Or some of our Senators might be whipt for
" their Speeches

1 *Cit.* " I grant you, Reason does well enough within
" doors, in the management of a Family, in the discipline
" of our Children, or in the correction of a Wife.

2 *Cit.* " The correction of a Wife, Neighbour?

" Have you Law for that?

1 *Cit.* " No, but I have Reason very often. So that I say,
" Between Man and Man, Reason may be reasonable
" Sometimes: But if it once meddles with State Affairs,
" 'Tis an Ass, and deserves to leave his leather Ears
" In the Pillory for affronting the Government.

" As for example now —

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* As for Examples, Neighbour, we come to make
 " Examples, and we'll make 'em for others to follow:
 " We'll go our own Way: What we do, we do by Vir-
 " tue of the Prerogative of the People.

1 *Cit.* " The Prerogative of the People to be sure, every
 " Body knows that, but I love to speak plain, and a
 " little

" Inflammation would do well to quiet Mens Minds:
 " So as I was saying by way of example——
 " Here's Law on one side, and Reason on th'other:
 " Suppose 'em Plaintiff and Defendant,
 " Who would you think now a fit Judge
 " To decide the Quarrel between Law and Reason?

2 *Cit.* Who, but the People, Man? We can't be
 " Corrupted, because we know nothing of either.

[Shouts arise.]

1 *Cit.* " What Shouts are these? come, we lose time,
 " Away, to fire the Tyrant's house, banish him, or——
 " We must do something, now our hands are in.

Mand. " A little patience: these are our Friends,
 " Who come to join with us.

Thra. " We must appear to head 'em.

Mand. " This is our Rendezvous. In the mean time
 " Be resolute, and bold——

[Mandrocles and Thracion go out.]

1 *Cit.* " As bold as Rebellion according to Law
 " Can make us.

Another Citizen enters.

Cit. Nay, better or worse, "as he proves in the wearing,
 But so it is, " the old King *Leonidas* is fled to the Tem-
 " ple of *Juno*: The *Ephori* have cited him to answer some
 " Misdemeanors; but he not appearing, has forfeited his
 " Recognizance to the People: So they have depos'd him
 " according to Law, and proclaim'd *Cleombrotus* King in
 " his Room.

1 *Cit.* " He has always shown himself the People's
 Friend." Now we shall have the Laws for taking away
 our Debts, and dividing the Lands. *Lycurgus*, as we have
 all heard, was a wise Man, and lov'd the People. In his
 Days we were all equal.

2 *Cit.* Equal, Neighbour! as how? How equal, pray?

1 *Cit.*

The SPARTAN DAME. 21

1 *Cit.* How equal! why — equal in respect of Equality!
How shoud it be?

That is, one Man as good as another.

2 *Cit.* Ay, those were Times indeed:
But we, and our Fathers afore us, now-a-days,
Are little better than Rascals, that's the Truth on't.

1 *Cit.* Stand aside: the new King is coming this Way;
Let's see how his Majesty has alter'd him —
The very same thing still for Courtesie —
See how he bows, and smiles on every Hand —
Stand close, he'll speak anon.

*Cleombrotus Enters attended. Agefilas, Mandrocles, and
Thracion, with Lyfander, Zenocles, and Crites,
Prisoners.*

Cleom. My Thanks among you, my most worthy Friends!
This but begins, what a long happy Reign
(The Gods and you confirm it long, and happy,)
Shall multiply in Blessings on you all.
Not One of you "tho' Stranger, Helot, Slave,
" So born, so made," who has this Day appear'd
In the Defence of *Sparta*, and her Laws,
But *Sparta* here adopts among her Sons.

Crit. The Sons of *Sparta* now are Slaves indeed.

Cleom. And as her Sons, shall find a Parent's Care
To make you happy, and secure you so,
In all the common Goods of Government.

Omnes. Liberty, Freedom; Liberty in *Sparta*! [*Shouting.*]

Cleom. Enough of this. "If there be one among you
" Wou'd know, as all shall be convinced, why I
" His Son by Marriage, and in Blood the next
" Of the Royal Branch of the *Agia*des,
" Have thus proceeded 'gainst *Leonidas*:
" To him I speak, he shall be satisfied:
" And to that purpose, I entreat you all
To wait me to the Senate-House; there I
Will give the Reasons of my Actions:
Which, when our frightened Senators shall find
Founded on no Design, but what intends
The publick Weal, our Liberties, and Laws,
And the kind Care of all our People's Peace,

How

How will they blush for so mistaking me!

Ages. Mistaking you indeed, and all your Ends.

Cleom. *Agesilaus*, you are the *Ephorus*,

The People's first chief Magistrate in *Sparta*.

Ages. But you their Champion and Deliverer.

Mand. The Patron of the People's Liberties.

Thra. Their Lives, and Freedoms, all redeem'd by you.

Cleom. These are high sounding Titles: but the way
To keep 'em mine?

Ages. By passing of the Bills

For cancelling Debts.—

Cleom. And the dividing Lands.

“ If Laws will please the Fools, they shall have Laws.

Ages. Sir, cancelling their Debts, at present will
Content 'em: still keep something in your Hands;
Dividing of the Lands may serve a Turn
Another time, and make an After-Game.

Cleom. I am advis'd: lead to the Senate-House.

Ages. Yet e'er you go, begin a Justice here,
Upon the People's, and your Enemies.

Cleom. My Mercy had forgot 'em: *Zenocles*,
And you *Lyfander*, what you have advis'd,
And acted against me, I freely pardon.
But as you have betray'd the People's Trust,
Being of the *Ephorate*, yet siding with
Leonidas, against their Interest,
I, in the People's Name, discard you Both
From that high Office; which I will supply
With Men of worthier Note: You *Mandrocles*,
And *Thracion*, shall fill up this Vacancy.

Mand. and *Thra.* We are your Servants ever.

Lys. We are doom'd.

Zen. Is there ought else?

Ages. Release 'em: You are free. But here's a Rogue
Just ripe, and ready for the Hangman's Hands.

Cleom. Thou Firebrand of Fools! what canst thou say
To qualify thy Mischiefs by Excuse,
In hopes of Pardon?

Crit. What I did, I did
In honest Earnest, and by open Day,
In Duty to the Interest I serv'd:

And

And now to stammer out a weak Defence,
Can't make me innocent, but wou'd betray
A Fear, that never shall be Part of me.

Cleom. I know thee dangerous; yet since thou hast
Some Virtues, that prefer and place thee near
The Trust, and Bosom of a Man I love,
And wou'd engage, I pardon all that's past:
Eurytion pardons thee: but his Heart scorns
To be oblig'd: and therefore we are forc'd
Not to depend upon him. — Forward, Friends. [*Exeunt*]

Eurytion enters to Lyfander, Zenocles and Crites:

Crit. Life is not yet become a Burden to me;
Therefore I offer up, in thankfulness,
To my Preserver, to *Eurytion*,
My Days to come, and their best Services,
To wait upon your Fortune.

Eury. I accept
Them, and thy Love, my *Crites*! "Gentlemen,
"I think you're cast from your Employments too,
"Your Office in the State.

Lyf. "Why fare 'em well.
"Those worthy Men, who have succeeded us,
"Are fitter for the posture of Affairs.

"*Zen.* Nor do I envy 'em the certain Fame,
"That must attend the Story of these Times
"To After-ages: I would be forgotten.

Crit. "Draw me but to the Life, the Thing I am,
"And let me be remember'd, in the Scene
"Of this Day's Action, to the end of Time.
"They cannot call us Traytors, nor they shannot.
"We have serv'd a Royal Master, and may live,
"Some God propose the Means, again to serve him,
"Who will secure our Memories against
"The censure of loose Tongues, when theirs shall stink
"In common Graves, without an Epitaph.

Eury. Come to my Arms: "thou truly loyal Man!
And O! embrace him all: This Spirit seems
Inspir'd to raise the Hopes of honest Men,
And I obey the Call: No longer then
Be our Hearts Strangers to each other's Breasts:

24 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Fearless, and free, we'll interchange our Souls,
Both of the past, and what we may expect
From what's to come.

Zen. What is there to expect?

Lyf. Or what can come?

Crit. "The Reign of Tyranny already is begun.

Eury. "Oppression, Bonds, and Blood will follow soon.

Let not the Carriage of *Cleombrotus*

Lull us in a supine Security,

Sooth our Credulity to the fond Thought,

That he can pardon us. We are not safe,

Till he be satisfied his Pow'r is so:

And that can't be, but by the Fall of those

Who have appear'd his Enemies.

Crit. And how

We stand in his Opinion is well known.

Zen. " 'Tis certain, Pow'r usurp'd must be maintain'd

" By the same Force that rais'd it.

Lyf. " How that Force

" May be employ'd, on whom?

Crit. " On you, and me,

" And all of us, if not in time prevented.

Eury. We are not Boys, nor is *Cleombrotus*,

Whose quick Suspicion, as it will awake

His Fears of us: so let our Reason too

Provide against the Danger of those Fears,

Which always end in Blood. For my own Part,

I value Life, but just as Life deserves:

" But as the Servant of *Leonidas*,

" And follower of his fall'n Fortunes.

Zen. " All, we all are so.

Lyf. " In Life, and Death his Servants.

Eury. " Then cherish Life to a more happy Hour,

" That may require us nobly. Times may mend,

" The giddy Temper of the People's love

" May change again——

Lyf. " And we again may hope;

Eury. " For Usurpation never governs long.

Crites. " I'm thinking what this Reformation

" (The canting Name of all Rebellions) comes to:

" Take it in pieces, and examine what

" Re-

- “ Remains to Publick Good, when Discontent,
 “ Pride, Avarice, Ambition, Interest,
 “ Revenge, and Faction, have all serv'd their Ends.
Zen. “ Yet these Reformers are, and will be still,
 “ The Fathers of their Country.
Lys. “ The People think 'em such.
Crit. “ O, the wise People!
 “ The Pillars, and Supports of Common-wealths!
Eury. “ What are they, but a Politick-herded Fool?
 “ Their Counsels as tumultuous, as their Crowd——
Crit. “ Ever in Business, always in the Wrong.
Eury. “ Merit they have heard of, but they know not how,
 “ To find, or value it, but as retail'd
 “ By the next Stander-by——
Crit. “ They act, and think,
 “ The self-same way, just nothing of themselves.
Eury. “ Judging upon Appearances, and know
 “ Things only in their Names; no matter what
 “ Their Natures are, what mean, or what intend.
Crit. “ Because a Reformation, in plain Sense,
 “ Promises fair, tho' wicked Men pervert
 “ The honest-meaning Word, and change the Course
 “ And Current of Affairs, from good to bad,
 “ From Lawful Monarchy to Tyranny,
 “ Or headlong Anarchy; the People still,
 “ Adoring all things fainted by that Name,
 “ Are pleas'd, and call it Reformation still.
Lys. “ At least it has the Charm of Novelty.
Zen. “ And that still makes a Holyday for Fools.
Eury. A sudden Thought, but huddled, and confus'd,
 Unargu'd yet, inspires me with high Hopes,
 Which our united Counsels may digest,
 To a Maturity of Growth and Strength,
 “ Ev'n to the Restoration of the King.
Crit. “ Let me but live to see that happy Day,
 “ And Fate take all behind.
Lys. “ An Age of Years
 “ Wou'd cheaply purchase it.
Eury. This Place, my Friends,
 Frequented, and so publick, does not suit

26 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Our present Purpose: Pray withdraw with me,
 And you shall know the Ground I work upon.
 If then you find my Means sufficient,
 To lead us on in this great Enterprize,
 Our Dangers, as our Hopes, will be the same.
 " Happen the worst, and all Endeavours fail;
 " Virtue has its Reward in suffering
 " By Death, or Exile, for an injur'd King.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Eurytion, with Crites and a Servant.

Eury. **T**Hese must with Speed and Safety be convey'd.
 [Gives Letters to the Servant, who goes out.]
 And, *Crites*, in these Tablets you will find
 The Method I propose in my Design,
 Which you must be instructed in: You'll find
 Something concern my Wife; let that be kept
 A Treasure in thy Heart: for on that Trust
 My All depends.

Crit. I'll keep it as my Heart.

Eury. Things thus dispos'd for our Intelligence,
 Nothing, that in our Absence passes here,
 In favour, or delay of our Design,
 Can 'scape our quickest Notice.

Crit. Nothing can:

The distance of *Tegæa* from this Place
 Favours our Posts, that may be hourly with you:
 " Thither the King intends, my Lord?

Eury. " He does. *Lysander* and *Zenocles* attend him.
 My time grows short: I have a Word or two
 For my *Thelamia's* Ear: A farewell Kiss,
 Parting with such a Wife, may be allow'd,
 And not disgrace my Duty; that Rite pay'd,
 Thither I follow too.

[*Going.*]

Crit. I know not what ———
 My staying here behind methinks appears
 But an unactive, lazy " Loyalty;

I would do something for him.

Eury. Pray, no more.

Your staying here at this time serves him best:

Besides, *Thelamia*, in my Absence, may

Need the Protection of thy friendly Care.

Crit. Sir, I have done, and the Charge honours me.

Eury. Pray, *Crites*, tell my Wife—I'll go my self.

But see she meets my way——

Thelamia enters.

The Graces all attending on her Steps——

I stood but now superior, and unmov'd,

Ev'n in this Flesh, and Frailty of a Man,

To all the Storms of this bad Under-world.

But wonder at the Virtue of thy Love;

Which, tho' worse Days were to succeed these bad,

Might entertain me thro' long weary Years

Of wretched Life: deceiving all my Cares

In thy dear Arms; forgetting All for thee.

Thel. O, thou first Fondness of a Virgin Heart!

How shall my untaught Innocence instruct me?

How tell thee what my Heart wou'd have thee know?

Eury. Thy Eyes inform me; their chaste Beams inspire

And speak in Smiles the Language of thy Heart;

Thy Heart, the Throne of Virtue! where my Peace,

My Happiness, and Life must wait for ever.

Crit. I may provide her better Company.

[*Aside.*

Eury. O! let me thus transported, view thee still!

Still thus transported touch thee! and each Touch

As ravishing, as was that furious first,

That gave me the Possession of thy Love,

And made thee mine for ever.

Crit. He grows warm

On the Imagination: I may cool you.

[*Aside.*

Thel. Cou'd this but last, my Lord.——

Eur. It ever shall.

Thel. I fear the Gods are envious of our Joys.

Eury. Thus thou hast often heard me: All my Words

Thus charm'd, and fitted to thy tender Ear:

As when I look upon thee, my fir'd Heart

Must wanton in the Rapture of thy Praise.

28 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Thus thou hast always found me; but till now,
Ne'er came prepar'd to leave thee. I have told thee
The hard Necessity that presses me,
And by my Absence best will be obey'd.

Thel. Our Marriage sure was ominous: The Storms
That threatned, and the Face of Things
That frown'd upon its Birth, when we were join'd,
Portend succeeding Mischiefs.

Eury. Not to thee,
My Love! they cannot mean thee any harm:
Safe in thy Innocence, and Sister's Love,
Thy Fears are vain: But I have done those things,
Cleombrotus, tho' I were reconcil'd
To all his Ills, can never pardon me.

" Therefore, besides my Duty to the King,
My Safety does advise my Absence now.

Thel. O take me with you then! This is a World
The Weak will suffer in; and who so weak,
As Woman thus expos'd, thus naked left,
Without the Care——

Ery. Thou art my dearest Care.

Thel. Yet I am left behind you——

Eury. Not expos'd:

O! think not so: My *Crites* here, my Friend,
Whose Honesty, " his Service to the King
Has so renown'd, is thy Security,
Thy Refuge from all Wrongs.

Crit. Sir, I am bound
The Servant of your Fortune.

Thel. He indeed
Is truly honest; and 'tis some Relief
Of my Misfortunes, that he stays behind.

Crit. My Life upon the Trust.

Eury. I know thy Faith.
And farther, *Crites*, let *Bizantbe* know
Her near Relation to my Wife, does claim
Her, a Companion of this Solitude,
During my Absence.

Thel. Her kind Company
Will pass away the melancholy Hours.

Crit. Madam, my Wife shall constantly attend you.

Eury. Tho' I am forc'd thus to absent my self
From all I love; I shall contrive some Means,
Some friendly Intervals to visit thee:
But then my Coming must be private, made
A Secret; my own Servants not employ'd.
Crit., who has my Reasons, will inform you,
At better Leisure, why I thus proceed.

Thel. I have sufficient Reasons in your Will,
A Law to me, and shall be so obey'd.

Eury. He shall be qualify'd from time to time,
To let you know what happens.

Thel. I must hear
Hourly of your Health—I know not why,
Altho' I know you safe in *Crites'* Faith,
Yet still my Heart must tremble in its Fears.

Eury. Only the Tenderneſs of parting Love:
Banish all Fears.

[*Exeunt.*]

Crit. Ay, ſo ſays *Crites* too;
Security will ſerve the Turn as well.
Here he diſpoſes in my Hands the Scheme
Of their Deſigns, “ to Re-inthroned the King:
So much for State Affairs. Then he commits
His Wife to the Protection of my Care,
And certain Honesty. Why thus he ſpares
My Pains, and plays the Game into my Hand.
My Honesty, alas! that has long ſince
Been brib'd by the Ambition of thoſe Hopes
Cleombrotus muſt raiſe to Growth and Power.
Therefore I am his Slave, and act all Parts,
His Spy in Buſineſs, and in Love his——what?
The Word indeed is coarſe to dainty Ears;
But he who makes his Fortune in this World,
Muſt ſometimes do what he would bluſh to name.
I wou'd not be obſerv'd——the Coaſt is clear——

[*Goes to the Door, and returns.*]

“ Thus in the Days of Reformation,
We muſt put on thoſe Forms, and Features, which
Reſemble, and come neareſt our Deſign.
All are not born with handſome Faces; then

Mend 'em, the Ladies will advise;
 Paint to the fair Complexion of the Times,
 And hide the natural Deformity.
 Whom have we here? I would observe unseen——

Celona with Mandrocles, and Thracion.

Celo. News of a Crown, and Royal Dignity,
 Is worth a Welcome sure from any Hand.
 But when such Men——

Mand. The Servants of your Will.

Celo. Such Friends——

Thra. Your honour'd, faithful Slaves.

Celo. Such worthy Friends!

Mand. Our Lives, and Interests
 Devoted to your Majesty's Command.

Celo. When such as you are the kind Messengers,
 How can my Gratitude express my Thanks!

Mand. Madam, the Honour of your Royal Hand——

Thra. O'er pays our Hopes.

[Both offering to kiss her Hand, she puts 'em by, on each side.]

Celo. "That's but a lean Reward:

"You have depos'd my Father——But in that
 "Made me a Queen——I wou'd employ my Pow'r:
 "Ask something that may put me to the Test
 "Of what I can: I wou'd appear a Queen;
 "And can my Pow'r be better exercis'd,
 "Than in the Service of such——Honest Men?

Mand. "O, Madam, you are pleas'd——

Celo. "What! honest Men!

"The other Party wonnot file you so.
 "No Matter what they say, poor passive Tools.

Thra. "We are as well.

Celo. "Nay, something better sure:

Mand. "Tho' they are pleas'd to call us——

Celo. "They presume.

Mand. "But I forgive 'em: Routed Rogues will rail,
 " 'Tis all they have to eat by.

Celo. "Let 'em rail;

"They can but call you Rebels, Villains, Fools——

Mand. "O Madam! we are Magistrates, in Pow'r,
 "To punish such licentious Libellers;

"They

" They dare not call us so——

Celo. " Then I will for 'em;

You Brace of courteous, cringing Sycophants!

You double-hearted Slaves, and double-tongu'd!

Whose hollow Flatteries wou'd win me to

Your rotten Sides, only to prop your Pride.

Avant! be gone! But that I scorn, detest

All the Advantages of Place, or Pow'r,

Such despicable, wretched Instruments

Can raise my Fortune to, you shou'd not 'scape

The common Hangman's Hands: " I would let loose

" Some of Your own unreasonable Laws,

" Which, in the Spirit of their popular Spleen,

" Should worry you like Dogs——My Thoughts are bent

On Matters more importing than your Death. ——

But fly in time, hated, and curs'd be gone;

For if you tempt me longer by your stay,

This Dagger shall reward your Villanies.

[*Drives them out.*

How I abhor the odious sight of 'em!

[*Crites comes forward.*

But here comes one, an honest-hearted Man,

And welcome to my Eyes.

Crit. Madam, you seem

Disturb'd at something; what can be the Cause?

Celo. A Trifle, *Crites*, at the first despis'd,

But now forgot——My Sister is within?

Pray let her know I'm here.

Crit. I am proud to serve you.

[*Exit.*

Celo. Oh! that I cou'd recall the Innocence

Of yesterday; then there were Halcyon Calms!

What a Tranquillity, and Peace of Mind,

Employ'd the Hours in Comforts on my Days!

My full Content sat smiling on my Brow,

And laughing in my Heart, now fled far off,

" And banish'd with my Father.

Enter Eurytion with Thelamia, Crites following.

Eury. Once more farewell: 'tis hard to part with thee,

But part we must. Now, *Crites*, I am gone.

[*Eurytion goes out.*

Celo.

Celo. I did not think, *Thelamia*, that your Husband
Cou'd pass thus coldly by: Methought his Eyes
Were cautious of me, and at distance held,
Glanc'd on me the Suspicion of his Fears.

Thel. O! do not blame *Eurytion*, tax not him
Of any Fault, but charge it "on the Times,
" Whose sudden Turns of various Interests,
" May reasonably give us Jealousies
" Of one another, and of all the World.

Celo. I bring along with me a Sister's Love;
Wou'd have it so believ'd, and so return'd,
No Spy upon his Actions.

Thel. You are rais'd a Partner of that Pow'r, he has
oppos'd.

Celo. " O hated Pow'r! whose blind Ambition
" Stands like a fatal Rock in Nature's Course,
" Dividing thus our Loves, and Interests,
" Which else had kindly to one Channel run,
" In fruitful Currents, to our Common Good.

Thel. From that Reflection, Sister, you must find
My Lord's Excuse; who, banish'd from himself,
And driven from the Temper of his Soul,
The natural Disposition of his Love,
Compell'd and forc'd, appears thus chang'd, and cold

Celo. O Sister! can a Lady show herself
To more Advantage, than in pleading thus
A Husband's Cause? — Yet that I am deny'd.
O! 'tis a Theme for the *Athenian* Song;
And fits the Virtue of a *Spartan* Wife:

" But wretched that I am! what can I say
" To extenuate *Cleombrotus's* Guilt?
" I am his Wife, the Partner of his Fame,
" But wou'd not be Partaker of his Crimes;
" And how can I avoid it to the World!

Cleombrotus enters with Agefilaus.

Thel. Here comes the King.

Celo. " How, Sister! what is then
" Our Father, if *Cleombrotus* be King?
" O no: call him, my Lord, my Husband, or
" Your Brother, if you please, but not the King.

Agel.

Agf. He must have chang'd his Purpose, else he had
Faln into their Ambush.

Cleom. I am pleas'd his Flight has scap'd 'em:
To *Tegaa* I know he's gone: some two hours hence
I shall have Business ripe for your Advice.

Agf. My Duty shall attend your Majesty. [Exit.]

Thel. 'Tis fit I leave you.

Celo. I would have you stay.

Cleom. O Madam! are you found? This is a Place
I'm pleas'd to find you in.

Celo. I'm glad you're pleas'd.

Cleom. I come, *Thelamia*, as a Brother ought,
To visit you.

Thel. That Title of your Love
Makes all my Happiness.

Cleom. I know your Heart
Is full of Fears, that your soft, gentle Sex,
The Disposition of your Natures takes
More dangerous Impressions of your Fears,
Than Bodies stronger form'd; therefore I come——

Celo. Like a kind Brother——

Thel. Heaven grant he prove no more! [Aside.]

Cleom. I know, in the Obligation of your Blood,
And as becomes the Office of your Love,
You have already told her——

Celo. Told her, Sir!

Cleom. Ay, giv'n her all those kind Assurances——

Celo. Of what, my Lord?

Cleom. Of me, and of my Fortune:
Which, as my Friends shall still command, she may
Expect an ample Share in.

Celo. That Subject, Sir, you best can speak upon.

Cleom. You shou'd have done it.

Celo. What Pow'r had I?

Cleom. You know, my Pow'r is yours:
Besides, it must have been a grateful Theme.

Celo. I thought not so.

Cleom. How! 'twould have pleas'd you sure?

Celo. Far otherwise.

Cleom. I thought it might have pleas'd you.

34 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Celo. No, I do not understand it.

Cleom. That is strange.

Celo. Nor care to be instructed.

Cleom. This proceeds

From some more subtle Cause.

Celo. From a plain Truth:

Nor do I understand how I can give
Her more Assurances, than I my self
Can take from your new Fortune.

Cleom. That indeed

You cannot well; She has a Sister's Claim,
But you're the Mistress of it, and my Queen.
Come, come, no more of this Indifference,
This Coldness misbecomes our present State,
It looks like Envy of your Happiness,
Which only Fools inflict upon themselves.

Celo. All Arguments are unavailing now,
Tedious, and from the Purpose; and to ask
Why you have thus proceeded, cannot change
The Nature of the Action, or undo
What is already done.

Cleom. Grant that, and then

We must look forward, where the opening Scene
Discloses Nature, elegantly dress'd,
To welcome you in her inviting Arms:
We have that glorious Prospect now in view.
To turn, and wonder at the slippery Paths,
The heavy Steps, the difficult Degrees,
By which we rose, were to deny our selves
Those Pleasures, which invited first our Hopes,
And would reward our Pains. No, Madam, no,
" Things done are best forgotten.

Celo. " Some never are forgotten.

Thel. " You may provoke him.

[To Celona.

Cleom. " Our Folly then preserves their Memory.

Celo. " That Folly is our Guilt.

Cleom. " Be mine that Guilt,

" The Guilt of Empire; all its Thorns and Cares
" Be only mine: but the substantial Goods,
" Which, in Opinion, or Experience,

" Make

" Make Life a real Blessing, shall be thine.

Celo. O Sister, witness to my Virtue now!
Which tempted thus, thus courted to a Throne,
And by the Man, who has all Charms for me,
Stands yet resolv'd——

Cleom. Of what? Resolv'd!

Celo. O, Sir!

Were it a Task for every common Strength
To undertake, it were no Part for me;
But loving as I do, and so belov'd!
Prosperity inviting every Sense,
With various Arts, to unprovide my Mind!
What but a *Spartan* Spirit can sustain
The Shock of such Temptations; thus resolve
To leave the Comforts of your Bed and Throne,
And live a Mourner for a " Father's Wrongs?

Cleom. How's that, *Celona*? Wou'd *Tkelamia* e'er
Have us'd *Eurytion* thus?

Celo. He never would

Have given her this Cause: My Life, my Love,
My Fortune, my Obedience, all are yours;
But of my living Part, my eternal Fame,
I am the Mistress, and must here command.

" Ill Actions, tho' they be past our Recall,

" May be lamented; and not to share the Fruit,

" The Benefits, which first drew on their Crime,

" Makes some Amends; but where is their Reward?

" A Throne usurpt! My Father is depos'd

" To make me Queen: Infamous Throne, and Queen!

Thel. " This may enrage him, Sister, pray no more.

Celo " Were I like other Women now, who know

" No Use of Life, but in their Appetites;

" Their Tears, their Face of Sorrow, and their Blacks,

" Might serve my Turn, and by Degrees perswade

" And reconcile me to my Royal Fate:

" But as I am above such Pageantries,

" One of a nobler Aim in all my Ends,

" I must despise those Forms, which cheat the World.

True Sorrow only lives within the Heart,

And in our Actions best is understood:

There-

Therefore my Virtue will allow no Mean,

"I must renounce your Power, or share your Crimes.

Cleom. This Virtue, which you senselessly affect,
Is a *Plebeian* Weakness in your Soul,
A poor, degenerate Fear of what may be,
Which nobler Minds can never apprehend.

Celo. My Lord! my Lord! I was not born to fear;
My Country places me above my Sex:
I am a *Spartan* born, can know no Fears
But of Dishonour; and I would be still
A Coward in those Fears.

Thel. Where will this end?

Celo. But you are pleas'd to tax me, in your Phrase,
Of a *Plebeian* Weakness: Sir, I scorn
A groveling Soul; I have a Mind as high,
As generously enlarg'd with Royal Thoughts,
As enterprising, great, and glorious,
As e'er Ambition prompted to a Crown.

Cleom. Give but a Proof of this.

Celo. I will——

Cleom. I ask no more.

Celo. The highest Proof. O! were what you possess,
"The Gift of Nature, from a Father's Death,
"In the Succession a descending Right;
Or had you nobly gain'd it, in Defence
Of Rites insulted, and invaded Laws;
Your Crown, the Thanks of a free'd Peoples Love;
The Gift of vindicated Liberty;
A Wreath of Triumph over Tyranny;
The glorious Spoil of Arbitrary Pow'r,
Wrested, and torn from an Oppressor's Hand:
O! were it so deserv'd, and so bestow'd,
How could I dress that Brow, and deck my own!
What Plots, what Factions, what Conspiracies,
What impudent Rebellion shou'd oppose
Your Title then? I have a Royal Soul
Wou'd throw me on my Fate, never to rest,
Till I were in the Grave, or on the Throne.

Cleom. Exert that Royal Soul, let it still reign?

Celo. I will,

And

And as I would all Dangers undertake,
 To share a " Godlike Power of doing Good;
 So from that sacred Right of Sovereignty,
 I scorn the Privilege of doing Ill.
 " A petty Partnership of borrow'd Power,
 " Precariously rais'd, and so sustain'd.
 No generous Motive from the Publick Cause,
 But an Impulse of impotent Desire,
 The wandring Lust of a licentious Will,
 Has hurry'd you, to violate all Laws,
 That stood between you, and your impious Ends:
 'Tis therefore I abhor your Tyranny,
 That base-born Issue of unlawful Might!
 Begot upon the Fears of bad Mens Crimes,
 Or prostituted, slavish Principles;
 Cradled in Infamy, and rear'd in Vice,
 Fatted with Feasts of undeserved Praise;
 Blown up with Flattery to a Giant Size
 Of Rapine, and oppressive Insolence,
 To trample down the Bounds of Property,
 And seize the common Birth-right, Liberty.
 This is the Monster Idol you set up,
 Which, in the Pride of Virtue, I despise,
 And in that Pride, I go——But do not think
 You can be safe: You, and " your ill got Crown:
 Long cannot prosper; nay, by *Hercules*,
 The Father of our Empire, I hope
 It wonnot long: " If yet there can be found
 " Among so many Slaves, one Spirit free,
 " Among so many False, one Man yet true,
 " Unshaken, unseduced; who has preserv'd
 " His Loyalty, him will I animate;
 Nay, I my self will head my " Father's Cause
 Against your " Throne——But O! the conflict here!
 You judging Gods! whose Sentence has assign'd
 To wretched Mortals our proportion'd Share
 Of Labour, and our Recompence of Fame
 For virtuous Actions, look in Pity on me:
 Compose this tost, this tempest-beaten Breast,
 With different Tides of swelling Woe oppress'd;

" Re-

38 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

" Restrain my Tears, that my weak Eye may see
 " The Bounds of Parricide and Piety;
 " By turns sustain the Daughter, and the Wife,
 " That through divided Virtue's glorious strife,
 " I may restore the King, and save a Husband's Life.

[Exit. *Thelamia following.*

Cleom. You wonnot leave me too?

Thel. I'll follow her, and bring her back.

Cleom. O! you may spare your pains.
 Her Fury must have way; she's best alone,
 And we as well without her.

Thel. How, my Lord!

You do not speak your Thoughts, you cannot mean——

Cleom. I can mean only thee! All that thy Prayers
 Can ask of Heav'n, all that the Gods can grant
 In answer of thy Wishes, all be thine:
 Eternal Youth, an Ever-rising Spring
 Of smiling Beauty, in its blooming Bloom,
 Make thee the Pride, and Wish, of Hearts and Eyes:
 All Joys, all Blessings, which long happy Years
 Of Empire can bestow, I mean to thee.

Thel. Where would this lead me?

Cleom. O! thou canst not be
 So dull, *Thelamia*, not to apprehend
 What this intends: I would prepare thee thus
 By soft degrees, gently engage thy Ear,
 In favour of a Cause, which I must plead,
 And you must judge.

Thel. My Sentence will be mild.

Cleom. Indeed thy Looks are wondrous pitiful:
 Thy Heart's a-kin to 'em.

Thel. I mean, my Lord,
 I may prove partial, and pronounce for you,
 As you're my King, and Brother.

Cleom. O that Word!
 Would I were more than that, or not so much.
 That Brother is too cold; canst thou not find
 A nearer Name? one nearer to thy Love,
 That better can bespeak thee.

Thel. There is none;
 No Name in the Relation of our Blood,

Kindred,

Kindred, or Family, nearer ally'd
To our Affections, than a Brother is;
Husband is only more.

Cleom. And yet you see
I am forsaken; nay, *Thelamia*, you,
Ev'n you're abandon'd by a Husband too.
Good Gods! what is this Marriage? that so soon
Depraves our Appetites, that thus prefers
Vile Things to precious? It comes, like Frost
Upon a forward Spring; the Flower of Youth,
Wanton in gay Desires, here nipt, shrinks in
With all its Sweets, drooping the tender Head
Upon its Stalk, no worthier than a Weed.

Thel. You're merry, Sir, with our Condition.

Cleom. Who, but a Husband, ever could persuade
His Heart, to leave the Bosom of thy Love,
For any phlegmatick Design of State,
Of Life, or Fortune? But he's satisfied,
And I should not complain: His Absence makes
Me room for my Desires——

Thel. Desires, my Lord!

Cleom. We are forsaken, but not quite forlorn,
Not destitute of Comfort; there remains
A Recompence——

Thel. A Recompence!

Cleom. Rich as my Hopes——

Thel. What Hopes!

Cleom. That seems intended by our very Fates,
Designingly removing every Bar,
To make our way to one another's Arms.
Why do you fly me?

Thel. O! I now perceive my Ruin plain.

Cleom. What can you fear in me?

Thel. I am most miserable.

Cleom. How?

Thel. No more:

I've heard too much. It was too great a Wrong
Ev'n to suspect my Virtue: But to explain
Your guilty Thoughts, is such a Privilege
Your high Place only gives you; and from this

I fear a future Tyranny.

Cleom. Away!

My Thoughts, my every Word, my Actions,
Are Slaves to the Obedience of thy Will,
Nor can assume a Privilege from Pow'r
Of violating thee: But Want will speak,
And all my Want is Love.

Thel. Call it not Love:

Coming from you, it has another Name;
Too horrid for the Ear: Were I that Wretch;
Were every Light extinguish'd in the Mind,
Which brightens Virtue, and shows Vice most foul;
Were I forsaken of all Sense of Good;
Abandon'd, and led Captive to all Ill:
One, whose experienc'd Wickedness cou'd prove
Adultery no Sin: Yet ev'n there,
Among the common Rout, you cou'd not hope:
Tho' I were fear'd against all other Sins,
Incest wou'd make me tremble: Sure it is,
On this side Hell, known only in the Name:
There cannot be a Reprobate so lost,
So damn'd a Reprobate to act it, sure!

Cleom. Why, Madam, do you think I cou'd proceed
Thus far, upon this Subject, without Thought,
A serious, judging Sense of Good and Ill?
I have a Mind, like you, a Conscience too,
That apprehends the Terror of such Guilt;
With Fears as nice as yours; and, but I know
My loving you cannot be any Crime.——

Thel. How! not a Crime!

Cleom. As purely innocent as any other Love.

Thel. I have a Refuge yet, a Dagger here. [*Aside.*]

Cleom. Brother, and Sister, are but Terms of Art,
Occasionally fashion'd to the Ends
Of Government; as Marriage is no more
Than a mere human Obligation;
Of no more Force than is ordain'd by Pow'r;
Which, as it ties the Knot, unties it too:
And I ordain it shall no longer bind.

Thel. O! Sir, consider.——

Cleom.

Cleom. All that you can say,
I have consider'd. I have curs'd my Fate,
But how does that avail me? Curs'd my self,
And the repented Rashness of my Youth,
Whose unadvising Folly gave me to
Your Sister's Bed, now surfeited, and loath'd.

Thel. Can you repent your Marriage?

Cleom. Curses can't
Mend my Condition: Yet I must curse
Eurytion, all the World, that comes between
Me, and my Joys in thee—but this is wild,
Quite from my Purpose, idly losing Time,
Whose precious Minutes, as they pass along,
May bring me Comforts: Oh! there can be none,
But in thy Arms: There I must find my Joys,
Or never find 'em.

[*He pressing her, she draws a Dagger.*]

Thel. Find 'em in the Grave.

Cleom. A Dagger! arm'd against me!

Thel. Stir not a Step—I wear it for my self,
If you attempt me farther.

Cleom. Have a Care: You wonnot wound your self?

Thel. A thousand Wounds
This, as the Guard of Virtue, shall bestow,
Rather than leave me to your brutal Will,
The Murder of my Fame.

Cleom. This wonnot do:
I must try other Means.

[*Aside.*]

Thel. I know I am
Within your Pow'r, expos'd to your wild Rage:
But Death's a Sanctuary from all Wrongs,
And that I can command.

Cleom. O! only die
The guilty Memory of what is past,
My Sin, and now my Shame.

Thel. Can you say so, and not repent?

Cleom. But you cannot forgive:
I can't forgive my self: I've done those Things,
Which Pardon cannot reach.

Thel. If this be true——

Cleom.

42 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Cleom. I cannot look upon that injur'd Face,
(Now to dissemble well.)

[*Aside.*]

Without a Guilt, that quite confounds me.

Thel. May the Gods, whom you
Have injur'd most, forgive you.

Cleom. I have wrong'd you.

Thel. I freely pardon you.

Cleom. How have I slept ! your Virtue only cou'd
Restore me to my self. I tremble, now,
At th' Apprehension of my Wickedness,
Of monstrous Size, and fearful to conceive.
But my Repentance sets all right again.

[*Leading her to the Door.*]

Sister, farewell : this Victory is yours——
Be mine the next. These Measures but begin,
What Love by Stratagem, or Force, must win.

[*Exit.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Agefilaus and Crites.

Agef. " NAY, there are many more as well as they
" Of profitable solemn Ignorance,
" Who fill Employments, only to exclude
" Men of more able Sense, and Honesty.

Crit. " No matter for their Honesty, or Sense :
" The Government needs neither : These are Men
" Fit for our Purpose, who can do no Harm,
" Who ruling, may be rul'd : The Blanks of Pow'r :
" They fill the Chairs of Business, and high Place,
" Vote as you lead their Voice, or have no Voice,
" Make up the Numbers, whilst you are the Sum :
" Alone your self the Ephorate of *Sparta*.

Agef. That way I have my Wish——but this Lady, she
Confounds my Policy : What can she mean
" By all this Violence ?

Crit.

The SPARTAN DAME. 43

Crit. What can she mean? Why, she speaks plain enough,
" She means to bring her Father in again,
" And to unthrone her Husband. In the City
" Her Party swarms already.

Agf. " She declaims

" Upon his Wrongs ev'n in the Market-place.

Crit. " And the kind maudling Crowd melts in her Praise.

Agf. " Our Fools, who from their Fathers have been so,

" Who us'd to be contented to believe,

" Taking up all on Trust, reel in their Faith.

Crit. " Now they begin to doubt.

Agf. " Asking us Questions of Right, and Wrong,

" Which, tho' our Consciences have reconcil'd,

" My Learning cannot answer.

Crit. " Then they shake

" Their brainless Coxcombs, rearing dirty Palms,

" They snuffle out their Fears. All is not well.

Agf. " All wonnot long be well, if this goes on.

I apprehend the fatal Consequence,

Tho' the King won't.

Crit. Alas! Sir, he's employ'd

In other Fears. Love takes up all his Time :

But the sole Ministry of his Affairs,

The State, you rule.

Agf. And I had fix'd it sure,

Had not my Ambush for *Leonidas*

Been disappointed. " But he scap'd my Snares,

" Still lives, and threatens while he is alive,

" The Ruin of us all.

Crit. Then I shou'd think

His Death were well resolv'd.

Agf. I have advis'd it often, but the King——

Crit. Don't trouble him :

When 'tis once done, he'll find that it is well done.

Agf. 'Tis certainly most necessary.

Crit. Nay, if it be necessary, it is just :

And in just Things, sometimes to serve a Prince

Against his Will, is the best Loyalty.

Agf. Then 'tis our Duty, *Crites* ?

Crit. Without Doubt :

And

44 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

And more than so, our own Security.

Agef. What's to be done? There's nothing to be done
Or thought on, where he is——cou'd we decoy
Him here to *Sparta*.——

Crit. That's impossible.

Agef. But how? What Means? What Arts?

Crit. O! there are none.

Agef. Then think no more upon't.
He must live on, since 'tis impossible
To bring him in our Pow'r.

Crit. Not quite impossible: But very difficult.

Agef. Suppose you shou'd——

“ You who are trusted by him, only can
“ Betray him——You methinks may quickly find
Pretences, probable in his Affairs,
To draw him here.

Crit. What, Sir, if he were here?

Agef. Here he shou'd stay,
Murder'd as soon as enter'd.

Crit. Here's a Letter
Will speak what I have thought upon these Things.

Agef. 'Tis to *Leonidas*.

Crit. Pray read it.

*THE Gods declare upon your Side, in their Inspiration of
Celona; whose Virtue, confirm'd by me, has this Night
resolv'd the Murder of the Tyrant. Fail not to head your
Friends, who will be ready to serve you.*

Crites.

Agef. This cannot fail:
Her Carriage makes all easy to his Faith:
He will believe, and come.

Crit. Come! he will come,
Not for those Reasons, which you apprehend,
And might invite another.

Agef. Not for his Crown?
I cannot guess what you rely on.——

Crit. This: I know the Niceness of his Virtue such,
That when the Letter tells him that his Daughter

In-

Intends her Husband's Murder, he will fly,
To save her from the Sin.

Agel. He may resolve
To pardon her, and so not make such Haste.

Crit. O! You are wide of him: Not this Earth's Rule
Cou'd bribe him to consent to such a Crime,
Tho' far remov'd, and distant from his Blood;
But when so near him as a Daughter's Sin,
You need not doubt his coming.

Agel. Have you said when he shou'd come?

Crit. The Postscript says at Twelve.

Agel. It does, and it appoints your House the Place—
It is the fittest Place.

Crit. I'm unsuspected.

Give me but your Authority, and some
Convenient Villains, who dare do the Deed:
And he shall fall as soon as enter there.

Agel. This Letter must be sent.

Crit. *Timæus* will convey it speedily.
He waits without.——

[*Goes to the Door, Timæus takes the Letter.*]

Agel. So, this will make all sure.

Crit. Fail not, upon your Life.

Timæ. My Life upon't.

[*Goes off.*]

Crit. I've order'd him to slay, just till he sees
Leonidas set forward, then to come
With his best speed, and bring me certain Word.

Agel. You must attend.——

Crit. Only a Love Affair,
Which happens luckily enough, and shall
To-Night employ the King.

Agel. That will allow
Us Time for our Designs: I'm glad it thrives.

Crit. O! all goes very well.

Agel. He's coming forth.
When you're at Leisure, I must speak with you. [*Exit.*
Cleombrotus to Crites.]

Cleom. Thou art the Life of Counsel: It must be
Just as thou sayd'st.

Crit. Indeed, I think it best.

Cleom.

46 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Cleom. Undoubtedly the best. And I must own
My self i'th' Wrong, as Passion always is.
So like a mad-brain'd Boy, to think of Force.

Crit. I must confess, a violent Remedy,
In some despairing Points, does very well :
When nothing else will do, 'tis well apply'd,
And then a Rape is necessary ; but
Your Case is far from this : She's in your Pow'r,
And cannot 'scape you : Nay, I say again,
She shannot, Sir : And when I thus declare,
You shall enjoy her any way you please,
You wou'd not chuse a Violation ?

Cleom. Thou art my Guide of Love.

Crit. This Way, that I propose,
Shall introduce you for *Eurytion*,
Give you a free Admission to her Bed,
Which you may satisfy as well as he.

Cleom. Then for his Care
In coming unattended, in the Dark.——

Crit. Unknown of all but me, his faithful Friend.——

Cleom. Makes still for us.

Crit. All Things must be remov'd,
And silent to receive you.

Cleom. If she discover me ——

Crit. Why, if she does.

Cleom. Wou'd it were come to that.

Crit. Sir, it shall come.

Cleom. I am impatient.——

Crit. 'Tis too early, yet,
And you must wait : There is no Remedy.

Cleom. Then I must wait.

Crit. The Hour will soon arrive.

Cleom. *Crites*, withdraw with me : We must be nice
In every Circumstance of Place, and Time :
Those we'll agree within : This Service done,
My Thanks in thy Reward shall follow soon. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE II. *A Bed-Chamber.*

Thelamia and Byzanthe.

Thel. I pity thee, *Byzanthe*; thy Gaiety
Has caught the Infection of my Company,
And thou art melancholy too.

Byz. I wish I cou'd divert you.

Thel. I thank thy Love, my Friend; 'tis growing late :
Yet, e'er I go to Bed, I'll try to read
An Hour away : It may deceive the Time.

Byz. Please you, I'll stay, and wait.

Thel. O ! by no means :
I am too troublesome, but thou art kind.

*[Byzanthe goes out, Thelamia sits down at a Table,
and opens a Book.]*

Here I gave o'er——The Story seems distress'd:
How will it end! *[Reads.]*

Tarquinius Sextus then,

Pretending on a Journey, late at Night
Came to *Collatia*, where *Lucrece* was,
And breaking thro' all hospitable Laws,
At Midnight ravish'd her——O Villany !

And most unhappy Lady ! *Collatine*,
Where was her Husband then ?—— *[Reads again.]*

What do I read ? a little farther on,
My Author, in his Comment on the Fact,
Says, 'twas her Husband's Absence ruin'd her.
O fearful Apprehension ! This is just
The State of my Condition : The sad Tale
May ominously represent my Fate,
In wrong'd *Lucretia* : I am helpless now,
As she was then : My Husband absent too,
As hers then was —— Nay, he has already dar'd
To force the Modesty of my chaste Ears
With the bold brutal Passion of his Love :
And after that —— But I have forgiv'n him that,
And he repents——O ! it is false, and feign'd,

Dis

48 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Dissembled to betray my Faith, and me :
 Love never is repented, 'till enjoy'd——
 And he, perhaps, this Night, nay, now, resolves——
 He may be here already——Hark ! who's there ?
 I dare not stay alone : *Byzanthe*, where,
 Where are you ?

Byzanthe enters.

Byz. You're disorder'd much.

Thel. There's something in my Closet.

[*Byzanthe takes a Light, and goes in.*]

Byz. Nothing here.

Thel. Pray, look again.

Byz. Only your Fancy, Madam.

Thel. I thought I heard a Noise.

Byz. Nothing has stirr'd,

Within your Hearing, since I left you last.

Thel. Where is your Husband ?

Byz. Gone in some Affair relating to *Eurytion*.

Thel. O ! he's a faithful, honest Friend, wou'd he were here :

All our good Fortune does depend on him.

Byz. I think I hear him, Madam——

Crites enters.

Thel. Welcome, welcome.

Crit. What, Madam, you have Leisure for a Book.——

Thel. O, *Crites*, I have met the saddest Tale,

The Rape of *Lucrece* there.——

Crit. 'Tis famous in

The Roman Story : *Tarquin* ravish'd her.

Thel. The Circumstances are so near my Case——

Crit. So near your Case !

Thel. In all but the sad End.

Crit. What can she mean ?

[*Aside.*]

Thel. Her Husband was from Home,

As mine is now, the wretched Cause of all.

Crit. Sure she suspects my Purpose.

[*Aside.*]

Thel. When I think

Upon that Midnight Ravisher, I reflect

Upon our Sexe's Weakness, thus expos'd,

How easily we are betray'd, or sold,

By

By any one in Trust.

Crit. There cannot be such Villany in Men.

Thel. There shou'd not, sure. Indeed, I was afraid,
But now I think my self securely safe,
In thy kind Care.

Crit. I'm glad you think you are.

Byz. Have you no News for us?

Crit. Faith, I have been

In such a Conversation, scarce will please
In Repetition : Marriage was the Theme,
And my Companions its worst Enemies,
They forc'd me to my Heels.

Thel. What cou'd they say ?

Byz. No Matter what they say.

Crit. By your good Leave,

These Men will be our Judges : We must stand
The Inquisition of their Raillery
On our Condition : As, to speak the Truth,
Nothing can 'scape their Jest : The Gods, and Kings,
Manners, and Men, Laws human, and divine,
Must stand, or fall, just as they relish 'em :
We must not think it hard.

Thel. What do they say ?

Byz. We need not doubt but Marriage has its Load
Of Scandal, in the Lewdness of their Mirth.

Crit. Why, first they swear the Institution
Was never made in Heav'n.——

Thel. That strikes Home.

Crit. That the malicious Roguery of Age,
Impos'd it first a Penance on the Pride
Of lusty Youth, to keep their Bodies low,
Dull, constant Slaves to one tir'd, fulsome Bed.

Byz. A Penance do they call it ?

Thel. Pray, Sir, on.

Crit. That Love was ne'er consulted in this Law :
But that it stands enacted, and ordain'd
To these our Days, that only Interest
Of Fortune, or of Friends, shou'd join our Hands,
No Matter for our Hearts.

Thel. Wicked, and Base !

50 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Crit. Nay, when they once set out, they will go on.—

Byz. They have gone far enough.

Thel. I'll hear no more.

Crit. Faith, Madam, you may hear a little more,
And not repent your Pains.

Thel. How is the Night?

Crit. Why, there's a Question now that brings me home
Just to my Story's End.

Thel. That Question! Why?

Crit. 'Tis just about the Time.

Thel. What Time?

Perhaps you have some Tidings of my Lord.

Crit. I have indeed.

Thel. When will he come? I languish in the Thought
Of his Approach: O! why art thou so long
In News so welcome: Pr'ythee tell me all,
Say any Thing of him, that he is well,
Say that he comes.——

Crit. If you wou'd let me speak.

Thel. 'Tis that I wou'd entreat.

Crit. Then he will come

In half an Hour, so he sends me Word.

You know his Pleasure is, his Coming shou'd
Be private, his own Servants not employ'd.

Thel. O! I obey in all. But how cou'dst thou
So long delay the Comfort of thy News?
But I forgive thee.

Crit. Madam, I must wait

Upon his Coming: You prepare for him,
And I'll convey him to you.

Thel. *Byzanthe,*

I must require your Friendship: Pray dispose
The Business of the Family, as you please,
Out of the Way, I wou'd have all remov'd:
He will observe our Care.

Byz. Leave that to me.

Thel. Whilst I prepare to entertain this Guest,
Lodge him in his own Mansion of my Breast,
And make him happy, as he makes me blest.

SCENE

SCENE a Street.

Crites alone.

Crit. Thus far with Wind, and Tide : Things are dispos'd

Just to my Wish to carry on the Cheat.

Where is my Lover now ? 'Tis just his Time——

He can't be far——I had forgot the Sign——

Not answer me ! Nay, then he is not come——

Well, our Employment must have Patience.

Eurytion enters.

Eury. What Sign was that ?

Crit. O ! You are punctual, Sir.

Eury. Rather before my Time.

Crit. Eurytion here !

[Aside.]

Indeed, my Lord, something before your Time :

I did not look for you.

Eury. How am I punctual then ?

Crit. Punctual, my Lord ?

Eury. Did you expect another ?

Crit. Yes, indeed,

I did expect another, a good Friend,

Not such a Friend. I have my Scouts abroad,

And must be ready for 'em. Yet you come,

As I cou'd wish, to warn you : Dangers, Sir,

Are every where : This is no Place ; retire,

You may be seen.

Eury. I'll follow thy Advice.

Crit. Go not in there.

Eury. My Safety must be here.

[Goes in.]

Crit. What shall I do ? Death ! Something must be done.

Crites goes in, Cleombrotus enters.

Cleom. The Servants still are stirring in the House :
I heard 'em talk : I'll take another Turn.

Crites returns with Eurytion.

Crit. Your House, you may be sure, Sir, wonnot 'scape
The strictest Search.

52 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Eury. Not if so general.

Crit. Nor will be less suspected, being Yours.

Eury. Much more suspected, *Crites*. But that Sign!
What cou'd it mean? So late about my Doors,
Just as I came to thee?

Crit. I heard it too,

" And took it for the Signal of those Rogues,
Who haunt the Night. Informers for the State.

Eury. " Have you such Ministers?

Crit. " No Place is free. Would you were safe.

Eury. Well, *Crites*, I am gone.

Crit. The King will soon be there.

Eury. You'll follow me,

[*Exit.*

Crit. When I've secur'd all here——

Unseasonable Husband! Fare thee well.

Why, what a 'Scape was this? At the same Time,
The very Place, so unexpectedly,

And just upon my Summons of another!

But he's remov'd——if he had seen his Wife,

'Thad been impossible. That lucky Lye

Has sent him to my House, to wait the King,

Leonidas: At twelve I may expect him:

*Tis near eleven now——*Cleombrotus*

Wonnot delay me long: For when he comes,

My Office only guides him to the Door:

And then to make all sure, I have prepar'd

A hearty Welcome for the good old King.

Enter Timæus.

Tim. The good old King!

Crit. *Timæus*, by thy Voice.

Thou'rt come before thy Time.

Tim. I come by your Command.

Crit. I said at twelve.

Tim. You said that I should stay till he set forward.

Crit. Is he coming then?

Tim. I saw him mounted.

Crit. How attended?

Tim. Almost, Sir, alone.

Crit.

Crit. He must be near.

Tim. He cannot be far off.

Eurytion, Sir, already is arriv'd.

Crit. Wait for me at my House. I'll follow thee.

[*Timæus goes out.*]

This is unlucky — there's no pausing now:

Thinking but loses Time: I must be gone.

Love must attend the Leisure of the State:

A single Fortune, this a Nation's Fate.

[*Going out, meets Cleombrotus.*]

Cleom. Who's this?

Crit. *Cleombrotus.*

[*Aside.*]

Cleom. *Crites*, I think.

Crit. Still worse and worse.

[*Aside.*]

Cleom. Thou wert in Haste.

Crit. Imagine, Sir, the Cause.

[*Going.*]

Cleom. I know the Cause:

I staid beyond my Time, and thou wert going

To find me out, but I have spar'd thy Pains.

This is the Door: Now, my *Thelamia*! What!

Thou art uneasy still

Crit. I beg you wou'd

Believe, that nothing, but a Certainty

Of my best Service to you, cou'd perswade me

To leave you now.

Cleom. How, *Crites*! At this Time! and call it Service?

Crit. Nay, my Duty, Sir.

Cleom. No going, Man; thy Duty now lies here.

Crit. To-morrow will convince you.

Cleom. Thou art mad.

Am I not at the Entrance of my Joys?

Invited by thy own Appointment too?

Crit. But Accidents —

Cleom. There are in Fortune none:

I conquer her in my *Thelamia*.

Crit. To-morrow she shall be with Safety yours.

Cleom. I wonnot trust To-morrow: Now is mine.

Crit. This will undo us all.

[*Aside.*]

Cleom. No Words, but on.

Crit. Let me but speak —

54 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Cleom. I will have no Excuse; show me the Way.

Crit. Hear but my Reasons first——

Cleom. Forward, I say: Consider who I am.

Crit. My Royal Master.

Cleom. Then thy King commands.

Crit. I must be heard, and then——

Cleom. Is this a Time,

Thou sawcy Trifler, for Argument?

[Both speaking together, neither hears.]

Cleom. When Expectation
rages in my Blood,

And shoots a thousand Fe-
vers thro' my Veins?

Is this a Time, thou Prater!
hence, begone——

Still he goes on, and louder
in his Words!——

Not let me speak! this is an
Insolence,

That never yet was offer'd
to a King,

And shou'd be answer'd by
a Dagger, thus,

[As Cleombrotus offers to stab him, Crites stops, and bows.]

Cleom. Impudent Slave! Open thy Lips again
Upon this Subject, this shall lock 'em fast,

As close, and silent, as the jaws of Death.

Forward, and introduce me to her Arms,

And on thy Life stir not till my return.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E *Celona's Apartment.*

Celona, Servant, and Leonidas.

Celo. One in disguise? some Message from my Father!
Admit him: Leave the Room——'tis he himself!

Thus on my Knees, thus let me thanks the Gods,
Who let me see "a King again in Sparta.

Leon. *Celona*, rise: the Posture is too humble;
"Not for the Daughter of a banish'd King,
"Nor for the Wife of false *Cleombrotus*,

But

But misbecomes that haughty Excellence,
Which knows to form new Virtue, and wou'd shine
A Pattern to the uninstructed World.

Celo. Indeed my Fate, with intricate Misfortune
Has compass'd round my Virtue. Wife and Daughter!
Each different Duty shows a Precipice,
Where-e'er I turn my Eyes: But yet my Honour,
That steddily wou'd tread the narrow Path,
Looks with Contempt upon the pageant Greatness,
And most inclines where there is most Misfortune.

Leo. It may incline too much.

Celo. Too much it cannot.

You seem'd, and yet I wou'd not think you did,
You seem'd to tax the Conduct of my Virtue.
But yet that Power, who places such as me,
In labouring Mazes of an anxious Fate,
Who damps the Joys of all our present Hours,
And pays us with the Promise of a Name,
Shall see that I submit to his Decrees,
(If I am mark'd for glorious Wretchedness)
To shine the Pattern of a *Spartan* Daughter.

Leon. That Fame's too narrow for a *Spartan* Princess,
Celona too shou'd be a *Spartan* Wife.

Celo. "To be his Wife, I need not be his Queen:

"And *Sparta* wonnot think me less her own,

"When I refuse the guilt of Majesty,

"And, if there can be Glory there, the Glory,

"For Innocence, and Ruine with a Father.

"*Leo.* Indeed for Ruine, not for Innocence,

"And such a Ruine, as involves that Father:

"Just when his Soul rose from the Stroak of Chance,

"And stood, with scorn, secure upon his broken King-
dom.

"That makes me rage at the portentous Beauty,

"Which first betray'd me to thy Mother's Arms,

"And gave the murdering Viper to the World.

Celo. Have I offended then?

Leon. Offended! O!

Thou in a Moment wou'dst deface those Trophies,
Which my laborious Ancestors, thro' Ages,

56 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Toiling for Fame, had pil'd up, Legacies
To their succeeding Sons.

Celo. High let 'em stand,
Admir'd Examples to less generous Man,
'Till I by any Act disclaim their Blood.

Leon. When Guilt is in its Blush of Infancy,
It trembles in a Tenderness of Shame,
And the first Eye that pierces thro' the Veil,
That hides the Secret, brings it to the Face:
Put thine amazes me, and seems confirm'd,
Beyond Confusion bold, and dares the Light,
And the reproaching Horror of thy Father.

Celo. " Can it be such a Crime to love you then?
" To slight a Throne, that bends beneath my Feet,
" Without my Care, and wooes me to ascend?
" Were you the Lord of all my Love, and Duty,
" And could you give that Duty all away,
" When you resign'd me to *Cleombrotus*?
" O! you were then my Father and my King,
" Nor are you less my King, and Father now.

Leo. " How with such fondness can you call your self
" My Child, yet strive to stain the Blood you boast?
" The boiling Spirits in my injur'd Veins
" Cool at the tender Name: See, I am calm,
" And can reflect, I should reprove thy Love,
" Before I should chastise: You were to blame:
" But too much erring Kindness was thy fault;
" And that I should forgive: come, all is well:
" Repent thy heat, we'll think of it no more.

Celo. " Repent! I never can repent that heat. Shou'd all
" The Gods of *Greece* own the Usurper's Cause,
" And chide me with their Thunder in their Hands,
" I could not tremble with repenting Fear.

Leo. " So well resolv'd! So rooted in Perdition!
" The Spirit that inflam'd the *Belides*,
" Has been too boasting late in Hell, too vain,
" And rous'd the Honour of some bolder Fiend,
" To show transcendent damning to their Shades.

Celo. *Cleombrotus* would speak more tenderly,
And treat my Virtue, tho' his Enemy,

In a more gentle Way.

Leon O! all you Ghosts!

You injur'd Spirits of my Ancestors!

Forbear a while to fire your tortur'd Son.

By all your Acts, which form'd my Youth to Honour,

You trust your Glory safely in my Hands;

Nor shall my Loyns defile your sacred Blood:

Give me but so much respite in my Fury,

To justify the Rage of my Revenge,

To the remains of Father in my Heart.

First she shall triumph in her Crime, and show

A hardned Soul, beyond forgiving damn'd:

And take her then, she falls your Sacrifice.

Celo. What dismal Resolution shakes you thus?

When I believe I understand your Words,

Some sudden Start, that contradicts my Thoughts,

Throws me in wild Amazement.

Leon. Ay, my Child,

I will amaze thee, when I let thee know

The tendrest Instance of a Father's Love:

For I have sav'd thy generous Hand the Blow,

A dangerous Task, and done the Work alone.

Celo. Alas! What Work! What Blow!

Leon. The giddy World,

Unequal Judges of exalted Honour,

Perhaps had blam'd thy Zeal: But now 'tis past:

Nor shall thy Fame be trusted to the Crowd:

Yet thou shalt triumph too: Thine was the Act,

My Arm inspir'd by thee.

Celo. What can you mean?

Leon. Canst thou not guess?

Celo. You more amaze me, Sir.

Leon. I tell thee then, my Heroine: This Night,

Pretending Secrets, and Intelligence,

I gain'd Admission to *Cleombrotus*;

Alone I found him, you may think the News——

Celo. Wou'd I were past all Thought. [*Aside*.]

Leon. I sent this Steel with Tidings to his Heart.

Nor parted thence, till with repeated Wounds,

I left the unpanting Villain on the Earth.

58 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Celo. And this must be my Triumph! Heav'n and Hell
Are reconcil'd, and join contending Pow'rs,
To make my Ruin infamously sure.
I strove to aid my King, and save my Lord,
Yet now am call'd his Murderer, you Gods!
And bid to triumph in my Husband's Blood.

Leon. You seem disturb'd.

Celo. Was it for this, ye Gods!

"I own'd your Cause in injur'd Majesty?
And strove to keep the temperate Balance just,
Between my different Duties? 'Twas too much:
And you reserve those Heights of Excellence
To your unrival'd Heaven: I should have been
Only a Wife, or Daughter: For you dash,
With Jealousie, attempting Virtue down,
That dares beyond your Limits to their Flesh.

Leon. I thought you would have prais'd me.

Celo. O, my Lord, I must not curse you.

Leon. Curse me for an Act, you wou'd have done your
self!

Celo. I wou'd have done! Murder my Husband, Sir?

Leon. This very Night

You had design'd his Death: I know it all.

Celo. And I too much——But cou'd you think me such
A Monster, Sir? But, O! I find you do.

Leo. Why! did he not deserve his Fate?

Celo. O, Sir!

I grant he has deserv'd from Heaven, and you,
And all good Men, worse than you can inflict:
I have arraign'd and sentenc'd his Deserts:
And I must think the Gods but justify'd,
You honourably reveng'd, and good Mens Prayers
But justly answer'd in a Tyrant's Fall:
All this I think with you, and you were wrong'd:
But how was I? How has he injur'd me,
To make me capable of such a Sin,
Barbarous, and yet without a Name in Hell,
As you imagine, Sir, I had design'd?
Is't not enough that I abhor his Crimes,
But I must be his Murderer? If the Gods,

And

The SPARTAN DAME. 59

And you, to clear my Fame, will have it so,
If I must strike at him, it must be here——

[Offers to stab herself.]

Leon. O Virtue! never to be found again!

Thy Husband lives, *Cleombrotus* still lives.
Forbear a Violence, which, in thy Breast
Wou'd wound me deeper than thy Ponyard there.
I did but try thee: And in these Extreame
I find thee still sincere to all my Hopes,
Fixt to thy Virtue, and thy Country's Fame,
Thy Sexes Glory, and my Daughter still,
A *Spartan* Daughter, and a *Spartan* Wife.
Celo. Those Titles raise me.

Leon. I have been abus'd,

And thou art innocent: This Letter read
At Leisure: *Crites* knows what it designs, —
He sent it, and I must suspect it now.
“ If Treason be abroad, and Plots design'd
“ Upon my Life, Me may they only find.
O guard, you Gods of *Greece*! my faithful Friends
From the destroying Aim of Treachery:
Blunt the sharp Arrows, which in Darkness fly:
Disclose the Midnight Arts, and break the Snares
Which fair fac'd Villany's false Heart prepares.
“ Our open Foes we need not apprehend:
“ But Providence it self can scarce defend
“ Our sleeping Lives against a faithless Friend. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Cleombrotus.

Cleom. **T**HUS far I'm undiscover'd. O frail Flesh!
And Vanity of Fancy! My Desires,
Which mounted me above my mortal State,
Whose Rage, I thought, nothing but Age could tame,
How have they droopt the Wing, how are they sunk
Into the poor Concerns of Earth again?
Now, *Crites*, I can hear thee. Sure there is

Some-

Something extraordinary, as his Carriage was:

He does not use to contradict me: And,

If I remember right, I heard him speak

Something abruptly of *Leonidas*.

There may be Danger near: I must be gone:

Thelamia takes me for her Husband still:

I wonnot undeceive her: that may serve

To morrow Night, and I can stay till then——

Thelamia with a Light.

A Light! She follows me.

Thel. O! Do not find

A Trouble in my Love, that thus attends

In Duty now: Speak, and assure my Fears,

You are not angry with me. O my Lord!

I can forgive your stealing from my Bed,

Your Silence there, but not this Silence now.

What! turn away! nay, going from me too!

That must not be: This Hand, my Lord, is mine,

Nor can I part with it without a Look——

[He turns slowly to her, she drops his Hand, shows her Surprize, by standing stupidly still a while without speaking; he offering to speak, she snatches at his Sword, draws it half out; failing in that, she throws her self into a Chair, in the most violent Passion of Grief.]

Thel. The Gods refuse me their Assistance too.

Here let me fall forgotten.

Cleom. Let me raise you.

Thel. Touch me not, Monster; thou hast sunk me down,
And can'st not raise me——

Cleom. To my Bed and Throne.

Thel. Dishonour fill thy Bed, and Death thy Throne.

Cleom. That's an unkind Return.

Thel. Art thou not gone? Thou hast accomplished
The fatal ends of thy Design on me:
What wouldst thou more!

Cleom. I would bring Comfort to you.

Thel. O thou Destroyer! fly, fly from my Eyes!
The sad remains of my poor wretched Life
I wou'd employ in Sorrow for my Fate,
In Penitence, and Mercy to the World:
But while thou stand'st in View, I cannot weep:

My

My Eyes refuse the Comfort of their Tears
To my Misfortunes: All their Moisture feeds
The Passion in my Heart, which only can
Be eas'd by Curses on thee.

Cleom. Do not curse:

Or if you must, think where you shou'd begin.

Thel. O! where begin, indeed! All, all deserve
Alike from me, the Gods, and Fate, *Crites*, and thou.

Cleom. The Gods, for making you thus heavenly fair,
And I, for loving you.

Thel. Both have been my Curse.

Cleom. *Crites* and Fate were but my Instruments;
Those you have curs'd in me.

Thel. That *Crites*! O!

That Villain! damn'd insinuating Fiend!
How was he trusted! how has he betray'd!
But I my self am guilty of my Fall,
By a fond, fatal Ignorance abus'd,
And made th'Accomplice of my Ruin too.

Cleom. That fatal Ignorance then is your Excuse.

Thel. O! there is none in Nature, no Excuse
For Crimes like mine:—My Sister's Husband's—Oh!

Cleom. Be patient, Madam, there's your Remedy:
You have no other now.

Thel. Yes, there is one,
Revenge, that wonnot fail me; While I live,
I must solicit that of Gods and Men:
And Earth or Heav'n will do me Justice, sure.

Cleom. I'll do you the best Justice: be advis'd,
And hear me calmly: What is done is past,
Without your Crime: If it be any Sin,
'Tis so in me: But then 'tis such a Sin,
The purchase of my Peace, and so belov'd,
I never can repent.

Thel. O hardened Wretch!

Cleom. 'Tis yet a Secret: While you keep it so,
Your Husband is not wrong'd: or if he be,
He who has done it, can maintain the Wrong,
And then where's your Revenge?

Thel. Art thou secure
In Wick'dness? That Fool's Security

Shall

62 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Shall be thy Ruine: When I have proclaim'd
To all the World, as, while I have Life, I will
Proclaim my Wrongs——

Cleom. Your Shame, your Infamy:
The World will call it so: And then you make
A Monster of your Husband.

Thel. O! Revenge, Revenge! thus, raving thro' the
Streets,

I'll cry for Vengeance on thee: All good Men,
Fathers, and Husbands, Brothers, *Spartan* born,
In the Defence and Cause of Chastity,
Will arm to save their Daughters, Sisters, Wives,
From my Dishonour in thy Tyranny;
And, forwarding the Justice of the Gods,
Will rise against thy "Usurpation,
Level their Thunder at thy Life and Crown,
O'erturn thy Throne, and end thee in thy Crimes.

Cleom. 'Tis possible your Story may do Harm,
And therefore I'll prevent it.

Thel. Only Death shall silence it.

Cleom. Death silences at last.

You see the Fortune of your present State,
That 'tis not to be mended by Complaints,
Yet you complain, and vow to be reveng'd.
If you continue obstinate, resolv'd
Not to be pacify'd, 'tis a hard Course,
But Nature does oblige me to provide
For my own Safety, and that is best secur'd
By your *Eurytion's* Death.

Thel. His Death!

Cleom. I have vow'd his Death.

Thel. What is his Crime? I do deserve to die.

Cleom. 'Tis Crime enough to be your Husband now.

I know his Disaffection only wants
A Cause like this, to animate the Crowd,
And his Designs against my Reign and me:
But that he shannot have: Out of a Sense,
And Tenderness of you, thus far I have
Withheld my Justice, which now you enforce:
Therefore resolve either to pardon me,

Or

Or doom *Eurytion* dead. *Crites*, you know,
Can bring him in my Pow'r. This is your Choice,
Think well upon't, I will walk by a while.

Thel. Alas! what Choice! I have no Choice to make:
My Ruin's certain: But *Eurytion*!
Can I resolve his Death? he has been wrong'd
Too much already: O! I never can
Resolve his Death —there is no other Way —
Let me dissemble for a Husband's Life,
In such a Cause, in hopes of a Revenge.

Cleom. I wait your Answer, Madam; if you have
Consider'd well, I know you will forgive.

Thel. If I should not, 'twill do me little good.

Cleom. Indeed but little good.

Thel. Then my Revenge,
That will involve us all in other Crimes.

Cleom. In Blood, and Murther: There must be the End.

Thel. O! fearful Sounds! I would not be the Cause
Of Murder, for this Earth.

Cleom. Then no Revenge.

Thel. Then no Revenge indeed. But, O! my Shame!
My Infamy!

Cleom. That I'll secure you from:
And I can keep a Secret, when engag'd
By my own Interest; that's the certain Charm
Upon Mens Tongues: So you are sure of Mine.

Thel. I wish I could believe.

Cleom. I wish you cou'd:
But to engage me deeper in my Trust,
I swear —

Thel. By what?

Cleom. I would by this fair Hand.

Thel. Well, well, I must believe you.

Cleom. May I hope you have forgiven me?

Thel. Hope is in your Power.

Cleom. Say but you have.

Thel. Not to say otherwise, is far enough at first.

Cleom. You mean it then?

Thel. You may interpret for me.

Cleom. Then I say, you have, or shou'd forgive me.

Thel.

64 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Thel. You may find
My Meaning out hereafter: for this Time
I would be private.

Cleom. You won't say, farewell?

Thel. To be alone.

Thel. Then bid me go.

Thel. Farewel.

Cleom. That Farewel bids me stay: but I must go. *[Exit.*

Thel. O! what a Part am I condemn'd to act,
To save my Husband's Life! My Husband! Oh!
I have no Husband: This foul Ravisher,
Usurper, Tyrant, Author of all Ills,
Divorces me for ever from my Lord:
Has robb'd me of the Honour of a Wife:
Nor am I worthy of that Title now,
Or any Name, but ——Oh! let me here
Bury that Name, and all my Miseries:
Sink down beneath the Burden of my Woes,
Into my Grave, unmention'd, and unmourn'd;
Ne'er be remembred in my Story more,
To the dishonour of my Royal House,
Or shame of virtuous Wives.

Celona and Byzanthe to her.

Byz. What do I hear?

Celo. Amazement of my Senses! can this be
Thelamia on the Earth! these Sorrows hers?

Byz. She minds you not.

Celo. O! 'tis *Celona* speaks, thy tender, loving Sister.

Byz. See, that Name raises her Head a little.

Celo. Now thy Tears

Flow faster than before. O! you good Gods!

Instruct me to redress, or comfort her.

Nay, I intreat thee, do not smother thus

Thy Griefs with Groans, but give thy Passion Words:

They will unload the Burden of thy Heart,

If they do nothing more: *Byzanthe*, help,

Help me to raise her.

Thel. O! you misemploy

Your Charity on a Wretch, whom all the Gods

Con-

Concurring in their Blessings, with your Means
To bring me Comfort, never can restore
To Happiness.

Celo. O you malicious Stars !

I thought my Fortunes might have satisfied
For our whole Family: You show'd your Pow'r
Enough in me: You might have spar'd her Peace:
But now where will you end? O! Sister, say,
Speak to me, tell me, can there be a Cause
Of this Distress?

Thel. There is, a wretched Cause:
Believe it such, and seek to know no more.

Celo. I'll help you to support - - -

Thel. The Load will sink us both.

Celo. Then we shall fall together. Come, the Cause?
I have a Sister's Title, and a Friend's,
That wonnot be deny'd——Nay, no more Tears,
But tell me——

Thel. I can't speak——

Celo. Away——

Thel. To any, but a Sister.

Celo. Pray withdraw—— [Byzantbe goes out.

Now tell your Grievs, none but a Sister hears.

Thel. And now I dare not. O! enquire no more:
Tho' 'tis most fit my Grievs should be reveal'd,
'Tis most unfit they be reveal'd to you.

Celo. If they relate to me, I am prepar'd,
Give 'em a Tongue.

Thel. You'll curse it, when it speaks——*Cleombrotus*——

Cleo. My Husband?

Thel. Monster of Men.

Celo. Indeed his "Usurpation does deserve
To be thus treated; but, *Thelamia*, I
Have not deserv'd to hear you call him so.
If he has made you wretched, I am made
Unhappy too: If in a Husband's loss,
I have lost him too, equal in all your Grievs.

Thel. O! yet there is a Grief beyond all these!
A Loss, beyond my Father, Husband, Life,
You wonnot understand - - -

Celo.

66 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Celo. The Gods protect the Honour of our House.

Thel. 'Tis false in me:

I am abus'd, dishonour'd, and undone!

Celo. O! for a Thunderbolt, the Arm of *Jove*,
To execute the Vengeance of my Heart
Upon the Ravisher

Thel. *Cleombrotus.*

Celo. Again *Cleombrotus*! O! have a care,
This is a Subject, that concerns my Peace,
Near as a Father's Cause: Therefore no more.
I know thou hast been wrong'd, I see it plain:
The Marks of Ruin blush upon thee still;
And thy great Grievs perhaps have turn'd thy Brain:
It must be so; for thou art mad indeed,
To say, *Cleombrotus* cou'd use thee thus.

Thel. This only cou'd remain to make me yet
More miserable: If my Injuries
Be of that monstrous Growth above Belief,
How shall I bear 'em? But they sink me down,
And this must ease me. [Going to stab her self.]

Celo. O! Sister, hold!

Thel. I said before, you were
Unfit to hear the Secret of my Fate:
Yet you would hear, and wonnot now believe.

Celo. Would I cou'd not believe: But, O! I find
A Fear in every Thought, that makes me shake,
In Apprehension of the fatal Truth:
And now each trifling Circumstance appears
In Evidence against him: O! 'tis plain;
I had forgot I met him at the Door,
Just as I enter'd here: There needs no Proof,
Fuller than that: What Business could he have
At this dead time of Night, but Lust, or Blood?
Monster of Men indeed! and Tyrant now!
Here I confess the Weakness of my Sex,
Defenceless quite against a Stroke like this,
And my full Heart can only speak in Tears.

Leonidas enters to 'em.

Leon. My Children weeping both! This is a Sight
Will make me old indeed. "I've stood against
: The Ingratitude of Friends, Rebellion's Rage,

"And

“ And my revolted Fortune never could
 “ Subdue my Virtue, as this Object does.
 Speak one of you, inform me of the Cause:

Celona! O! it must be bad indeed,

That thus can conquer thee—*Thelamia*, thou

Art going: O! I dare not bid thee stay,

Nor ask the Reason of thy parting thus:

But thy Disorder and Confusion, show

Thee most concern'd,

[*Thelamia goes out.*]

Celo. There is no saying who
 Is most concern'd: If I may judge the Cause,

I'm injur'd most, tho'tis a Wrong to all:

Nay, Sir, be you the Judge; but Age can't know

The Pangs of slighted Love; therefore no Judge

Of my Condition. O! to be despis'd,

Is such a Thought! it strangles Patience.

Leon. Why this is Madness, Child.

Celo. What, at my Years forsaken! Had I been

Ugly, or old, mismatcht to my Desires,

My natural Defects had taught me then,

In a tame Expectation of my Fate,

To sat me down contented: But to be

Thrown off, abandon'd! for a Sister too!

O! monstrous Love indeed! which such a Sin

As Incest could not tame.

Leon. What say'st thou? Ha!

Celo. Thus violated, forc'd, and thus abus'd!

She stands acquitted to the judging World:

And Death, or a Revenge, redeems her Fame.

But I must stand the Shot of every Tongue;

The Censure and the Jest of laughing Fools:

Be pointed at for the forsaken thing,

Forsaken for a Sister.

Leon. Yet again thy Sister! speak.

Celo. O! yes, while I can speak.

Leon. *Thelamia* forc'd!

Celo. Forc'd by *Cleombrotus*.

Leon. Incestuous Tyrant! Plagues of every kind,

Long studied, and stor'd up by Wrath divine,

For the Revenge, and Fate of such bad Times,

Fall thick upon his Head: But O! he sins

Beyond

68 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Beyond my Curses now, and only Hell,
All Hell can do him Justice.

Celo. "Heavy Thought!

Leon. "While he usurpt my Right, my Place, and Crown,
"I took him for the Minister of that Doom,
"High Heav'n had pass'd upon this rebel Land;
"Nor murmur'd at my Fate. Had the good Gods
Thought fit to exercise my Patience,
Strip me of all the Comforts of this Life,
My Friends, my Hopes, ev'n to my very self—
But here my Age gives way; here I confess
The Frailty of a Man, surpriz'd, unarm'd,
Unguarded, naked to this stunning Blow,
That drives me to the Earth a weak, old Man.

Cel. O Misery on Misery!

Leon. Away! Tears are thy Sexes Comforts: I must find
Mine in Revenge.

Celo. Revenge!

Leon. Revenge for thee, thy Sister and us All. O! I have
been

Affixing to this Ruine: Had my Ears
Been open to the Counsels of my Friends,
"I might have been restor'd, and this undone;
But it is done, and now must be reveng'd.

Celo. O! Sir, forbear a while.

Leon. No Time so fit for my Designs.

Celo. But hear me——

Leon. Passion has no Ears.

Or if I did, Words cannot alter me---

[Exit.

Celo. Alas! my Woman's Weakness has undone
All that my Virtue had so long preserv'd;
Now I too late perceive the Consequence:
How fatal this Discovery must be
To my *Cleombrotus*! for he is mine,
My Husband still, however base and false.
Tho' I am wrong'd in the most tender Part,
Most sensible of Pain, I am his Wife;
That is the Character I must maintain:
But to preserve it! something I must do,
But what, or how, the Gods yet only know.

[Exit.
Crites

Crites passing over the Stage.

Crit. All that I could of Moment I have learnt;
But when the Husband follows at my Heels,
'Tis Time to vanish: I have done my do
At Chamber-practice, and must shift the Scene. [Exit;

Eurytion enters.

Eury. I meet with nothing but Distraction
Thro' all the House: My Servants fly the Room
Still as I enter it, as each were loth
To be the first in some unwelcome News;
Ev'n *Crites* shuns me too: Something there is—
I wonnot think the worst—Heav'n' guard the King,
And my *Thelamia*: If either be concern'd,
'Twill be too soon to know, when I must know;
Till then I would not guess: But there's the King,
And half my Fears are vain.

Leonidas enters.

Leon. The other half, who is your Fear?

Eury. O! you may guess, my Wife.

Leon. This is no Time for Wives.

Eury. No Time indeed,
If your Employment calls me.

Leon. Then no Time, for I have Business for thee;

Eury. Sir, speak on.

Tho' I should starve the Youth of my Desires,
And come but old to her expecting Arms,
" When I can serve my Royal Master's Cause,
The bare Reflection of my Loyalty
Shall make amends for all my Loss of Love.

Leon. Have thy Reward, and hear me; thou art rash,
And must be prefac'd into Government,
And Temper of those Passions, which would rise
Against my Reasons, and undo us all.

Eury. Sir, I am calm.

Leon. Then know, I have this Night
Resolv'd to undertake the publick Cause,
" With my own Right, and reascend the Throne.

Eury. Heav'n prosper the Resolve.

Leon. What all my Friends
With honest, weary Counsels could not gain,

The

70 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

The general Wrongs have forc'd.

Eury. The general Wrongs are then our Friends.

Leo. O! the worst Enemies to thee, and me :

Thine is the general Wrong——*Thelamia*——

Eury. My Wife! what, Sir, of her?

Leo. Are you a Man?

Eury. Talk you of Wrongs, and her?

I am a Man indeed, to hear them joyn'd,
Yet hold my Reason still: But, O! be quick,
I cannot promise you, it can be long
That I shall hear you: Madness will ensue
The bare Imagination of her Wrongs,
And hurry me upon some wild Attempt,
Which my Repentance never can repair.
O! therefore tell me all.

Leo. Then hear me all——*Cleombrotus*——

Eury. *Cleombrotus*!

Leo. Soon as he found

Your Absence, made his way, beyond all Sense
Of Nature, Gods, or Men, in brutal Rage,
Pursu'd *Thelamia* with his monstrous Love.

Eury. My Wife!

Leo. My Daughter, and thy virtuous Wife.

Eury. Then she is virtuous. O! the infernal Fiend!
It went no farther? no, it could not, Sir,
For *Crites* was her Guard.

Leo. He, he betray'd both her, and all.

Eury. O Villain, bred in Hell!

Has he betray'd us? But it ended there:
O! answer the Impatience of my Fears;
They could not sure proceed?

Leo. Still more resolv'd, and bolder still——

Eury. Where will my hurrying Fate?

Leo. Forsaken thus of every friendly Help;
And nothing but her Virtue her Retreat,
To save her from those savage, threatening Wrongs,
She swallow'd Poison——

Eury. O too cruel Gods!

Leo. And so expir'd.

Eury.

The SPARTAN DAME. 71

Eury. 'Tis too much for Life.

[Seems stunn'd, and dozes.]

Leo. Nay, then he is prepar'd to know the worst.

Thelamia——

Eury. O that Name!

Leonidas brings Thelamia in a Veil, by degrees, to the
middle of the Stage.

Leo. Come forth, my Child!

Eury. Cou'd it awaken Death, as it does me,
My Cheeks should burst with the repeated Sound:
O! how could I invoke the Rivers, Springs,
Vallies, and Hills, Dales, Rocks, and vocal Groves,
With all their splitting Echo's, to my Aid:
Nay, from the stormy Quarters of the Sky,
Conjure the Winds, charm ev'n the violent North,
Who, in the Tempest of his boistrous Voice,
Should summon my Thelamia back again.
But O! the Tyrant, deaf to all my Cries,
Hears not my Summons, folds her beauteous Limbs
In his cold Arms, as he would grow one piece
Of Earth with her, and I but rage in vain——

[Turning, he sees Thelamia, and starts.]

Have then the Gods restor'd her to my Prayers!

It must be she: O! satisfy the Fears,

If possible, of every Sense at once,

I would be all convinc'd.

Leo. She lives in Death, a Life of Misery.

Eury. Not speak to me! What, not one Look?

Leo. O! the black Hand of Fate

Has drawn that Curtain to conceal her Wrongs——

Eury. I find 'em now, worse than a thousand Deaths——

Leo. But they will burst, like Lightning, from that Cloud,
And blaze a Day of Horror in Revenge.

Eury. Speed it you Gods! tho' it be Nature's last.

Revenge her Wrongs! Here I devote my Days

To Blood, and Vengeance - - -

[Kneels.]

Leon. Vengeance stays for us,

Stalking impatient through our frightened Streets,
Our Friends united too, to push it on.

Eury. She's going.

Leo.

72 *The* SPARTAN DAME.

Leo. O thou Captain of our Cause!

We follow thee thro' all the Paths of Death.

Eury. The Sword from thy foul Wrongs shall never part,
Till stab'd, and bury'd in the Tyrant's Heart. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Outside of a Temple.

Leonidas, Lyfander, Zenocles, and People.

Leo. **T**He Gods propitious combate on our Side;
The People animated in this Cause,
To break their Yoke, and vindicate our Wrongs.

Eurytion enters to 'em.

Eury. Hither the Chace had led us: The vile Herd
Routed, and scatter'd —

Leo. With the Morning-dawn,
They, and their Leaders fall into our Hands.

Eury. Confounded in the Desert of the Night,
Let 'em brood o'er the Terrors of their Guilt,
To wait the coming Vengeance of the Day.

Zen. The Passes are secur'd.

Lyf. Non can escape.

Leo. *Cleombrotus* has here immur'd himself,
In *Neptune's* Temple - - -

Lyf. Garrison'd, and man'd,
In bold Defiance of the Guardian God.

Cleombrotus and Crites on the Walls.

Cleom. Who name the Gods, and yet with impious Hands
Come arm'd against their Temple?

Eury. Monster, thou,
Thou hast polluted it into a Den
Of foulest Villany, of Lust, and Blood.

Cleom. Do not you make it so, it yet is pure.

Eury. Art thou there, *Crites*? hang upon him still,
And weigh him down to sure Perdition.

Cleom. But who art thou, that I descend to thee?
Leonidas I speak to, once a King.

Thou

Thou dost usurp the Shadow of the Night,
To pass thy faded Glory on the State,
And hast surpriz'd a Midnight Victory
O'er frighted Citizens, and sleeping Laws,
Which will awake, rouse, and exert their Force,
In the Defence of their insulted King,
To drive thee out again to Banishment.

Leon. Mistaken Wretch! thy Subjects are no more;
The Laws remain, and gladly live for thee,
Their Tyrant once; they are thy Judges now;
Therefore surrender up thy self to them,
And save us from the Mischief of more Crimes,

Lys. This is your last Retreat——

Zen. Which will be forc'd.

Cleom. Then here I stand my Fortune.

Eury. Push it on.

[To Leonidas &c. coming to the Front of the Stage.]

Cleom. Now, *Crites*, now pursue thy own Advice.
Thou tremblest! Ha! thou shouldst have fear'd before,
In time have fear'd, fear'd to have done the Ill,
Not fear to suffer for it, being done.

Crit. If it should not succeed——

Cleom. Why then thou feel'st

The worst already that can follow it. *[Crites retires.]*
All is at stake, but there is yet a Chance
That promises, and may rise fair for us.

Eury. While you prepare th' Attack upon the Gate,
And keep 'em busie to defend this Side,
I have my Pioneers at Work unseen,
To dig their Graves, and bury 'em in Ruin.

*[Goes out; Leonidas, and his Party advance to the Gate]
in order to break it open.*

Leo. Abandon'd of all Good! the Gods refuse
Their Sanctuary to such Villanies,
And give thee up devoted. Fall on then,
And force the Gate——

Cleom. Yet, hold, *Leonidas*,
Look up, I have an Offer yet to make——

Leon. Be quick. *[Euphemia on the Walls.]*

D

Cleom.

74 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Cleom. 'Tis this——A Daughter to present to you.

Leo. My Child! *Euphemis!*

Cleom. Draw off your Men;

For the first Violence to force the Gate,
Shall send her to you from the Battlements.

Leo. I plac'd thee in *Diana's* sacred Train,
To shelter thee from my tempestuous Fate.

Cleom. And I remov'd her, by the wise Advice
Of honest *Crites*, my best Counsellor,
To shelter me from this impending Storm.

Leo. O! what is all our Foresight, you just Gods?

Cleom. Nay, no Expostulations with the Gods;
They have declar'd for us in the Success:
Nor will a thundring Tale of Sacrilege
Beat down these Walls, or gain an Outwork here.
Therefore to cut off Time, you must resolve
To give up all Advantages you've gain'd,
Disperse your Faction, and withdraw your Friends,
And you retire from *Sparta* instantly,
Or see this Daughter of your Age, so lov'd,
So innocent, first ravish'd by my Slaves,
And murder'd next, to close the guilty Scene.

Leo. O you great Gods! determine for me now.

Cleom. Do you determine, for the Choice is yours.

Euph. O my Great Father! 'twere Impiety
Beyond his Crimes, to think the heavenly Powers
Can suffer, what he only dares to name.
Pursue your injur'd Cause, your just Revenge,
Nor lose a Moment in the Dread of me.
Therefore again resign me to the Gods,
The tutelary Parents of the Weak,
Who can disarm the Proud in his own Strength,
There is a Hand unseen, a Shield to me.

Cleom. Many I have to execute my Will.

Leonidas, again I summon thee.

What I have done, is a convincing Proof

I will go thro'; that I am resolute

To every Deed, my Safety, or Revenge

Solicites me: And I will make short Work,

Cive

The SPARTAN DAME.

75

Give her my Slaves, and drag her to her Fate.

Leo. Hold, hold; the Gods dispose of me, and mine.
The Father gives his all to save the Child:
Unstain'd restore her to my trembling Hand,
And I resign my Pow'r, renounce my Crown,
Disband my Friends, or if you would have more,
It shall be done: See, they are going, Sir.
O my kind Friends! a last, a long Farewel.
Afford me but *Euphemia*, that Support
Of my declining Age, and I am gone,
Never, O! never to see *Sparta* more.

[*Shouts in the Temple.*]

Crit. What Shouts are those?

Cleom. In thy cold Fit again!

Lyf. The Gods begin to thunder from their Shrines.

[*A Messenger above to Cleombrotus.*]

Cleom. What is thy News?

Mess. The Temple is surpriz'd.

Crit. Surpriz'd!

Cleom. Impossible!

Mess. *Eurytion* is at the Head of the bold Enterprize,
And is already enter'd——

Cleom. Enter'd too?

Zen. Our brave Deliverer!

[*Below.*]

Crit. What will become of me?

Cleom. How got he Entrance?

Mess. Thro' Vaults, and secret Passes under Ground,
Discover'd by the Priests.

Cleom. I am betray'd.

Mess. They say you are betray'd,
Betray'd by *Crites*——

Cleom. How!

Crit. Betray'd by me?

Mess. For there are Orders given to save his Life.

Cleom. To save his Life?

Mess. The Priest, who does preside,
Is of his Blood, and show'd your Foes the way,
Upon that Promise——

Cleom. Thus I make it good.

[*Seizing Crites by the Throat.*
Villait,

76 *The SPARTAN DAMÉ.*

Villain! Betrayer! thou hast brought me here
To the Gulph's Mouth, and dost thou plunge me down?
But thou shalt try the Leap——'tis a just thought——
If thou hast kindred Devils in the Air,
To break thy Fall, the Priest may thank 'em for't.
Seize him, take, hoist him up, break off his Hold,
And toss him headlong from the Temple's Wall.

Crit. O save me, save me, kill me by the Sword.

*[Crites thrown down, they gather about the Body,
and drag it off.]*

Cleom. Down with him, there he flies, I follow next:
Upward, or downward, 'tis indifferent. *[Exit.]*

Leon. Drag off the Carcass, cast it out expos'd,
The Food of Dogs——

Zen. Vultures, and Wolves his Grave.

[Shouts and Noise of Fighting in the Temple.]

Leon. Hark, we are call'd.

Lys. They are engaged.

Leon. Be quick. Fly, fly, to the assistance of our Friends.
Employ your Crows of Iron, Leavers, Beams,
Against the Gate. *[Attack the Gate.]*

Zen. Dig its Foundations up.

Lys. Spare nothing in your way.

Leon. With heaving Force,
Wrench the compacted Joints of the strong Pile.
O! for the battering Ram with armed Head
To tumble down all Opposition.

Zen. Bravely, bravely done.

Lys. See, it gives way.

Leon. Another Tug unlocks the griping Hinge.

Lys. It bursts, it flies.

Leon. Now follow for the Crown "of faithful Zeal.

*[They force the Gate, and enter. Shouts again, and
noise of Fighting continued, till the Scene draws, and shows
the Inside of the Temple. Eurytion gives ground to Cle-
ombrotus and his Party, but is join'd by Leonidas, and
his; then they drive Cleombrotus to the Front of the
Stage, and take him Prisoner; his Party fight off the Stage.]*

Leo. Pursue, Eurytion, let 'em not have breath

To

The SPARTAN DAME.

77

To rally, but cut off their latest Hope.

Eurytion goes out with his Party.

After this Mercy of Deliverance.

O! never may the Innocent despair!

Lyf. This Beast of Prey, this ravening Wolf; at last
Is hamper'd in the Toyl.

Leon. Bring him along.

[Celona kneeling at the Door.]

Ha! is it thus, *Celona*, thou dost greet,
Thus hail thy Father's Safety, and Success?

Celo. O! for my Father's Safety, and Success,
I kiss the Earth in Adoration
Of the just Gods; dejected, humbled thus,
In this poor suppliant State, they have beheld
Me often on my weary'd Knees for you,
And they have heard my Vows; left me no more
To ask of them: They have preserv'd, "restor'd,
And re-enthron'd you in their Mercy's Seat,
Their great Vicegerent, now a God to me,

Leon. Thy Father ever: rise, *Celona*, rise.

Celo. 'Tis to that Father then I do appeal,
Not to the Judge: O! I give up my Cause,
Condemn'd, and sentenc'd: And I wonnot move—
A Word in the Defence of that bad Man,
A Burthen to the Earth with all his Crimes.
But O! remember, Sir, I am his Wife——

Leon. Forget him, most unworthy of thy Care.

Celo. Instructed in that Duty, taught by you,
Ty'd to his Fortune, wedded to his Fate,
To bear a Part is all his Weal, or Woe:
O! therefore, if you would defend my Fame,
My Virtue, which your Precepts first inspir'd,
Let me not leave him in Extremity:
If you wou'd save your sinking Daughter's Peace,
Bestow her Husband's Life, grant it to me;
Forfeited, dead already to the Laws,
Sparta renounces him, then drive him out
To reprobated Exile round the World,
A Caitive, Vagabond, abhor'd, accurs'd,

78 *The SPARTAN DAME.*

Most miserable in a hated Life.
I ask but for a change of Punishment,
More exquisite, and sharp: Revenge it self
Should grant me that. O! only spare these Eyes
The murdering Object of a Husband's Death.

[Thelamia enters on the other side, veil'd, with a Bowl in her Hand the Mouth downward.]

Leo. Defend me, shield me. See, *Thelamia* comes
To tear me from thee. *[Goes to her.]*

O! that Posture pleads
More than a thousand Tongues. This fatal Bowl
Is drain'd, and empty'd of its Poison now,
A cordial Draught, and thou art happy, Child,
The Gaul of Bitterness is left for me.
'Tis with the sharpest Conflict of my Soul!
My Bowels are distracted in the Love
Of my unhappy Children.

Eurytion enters.

Eury. Your Enemies are prostrate at your Feet;
And Mercy may become the Conqueror:
But Vengeance is the injur'd Husband's Right,
Thus with strong Hand I seize, and make it mine.
[Kills Cleombrotus:]

Celo. He's gone.

Leon. His Crimes be bury'd in his Death.

Thel. The Voice of Vengeance in my dying Ear
Is sweeter than the Songs of happy Life.

Eury. Talk not of dying.

Thel. O! I only liv'd

To hear I am reveng'd, reveng'd by you.

Eury. Look up, and feed thy famish'd Eyes with Blood.

Leon. Remove the fatal Object from our Sight.

Celo. And me for ever from a hated World.

[The Body carry'd off.]

Thel. Yes, once again I lift my faded Eyes
For a last Look of my *Eurytion*,
To feed 'em at the Fountain of thy Light,
And fill me with thy Image, then to close 'em

In lasting Night.

Eury. Thou'rt going.

Thel. Lead me hence

From this infected Air: My Spirit shrinks,
And cannot mount in the same Sky with him.

Let me not fall an Outcast of thy House,

Nor in my Ruin lose the Name of Wife;

Preserve *Thelamia* in thy Memory,

Who liv'd for thee, and for thy Loss could die,

[*Eurytion leads her off.*]

Leon. The Dead are past our Care.

Celo. Past all their Care.

Leon. Be comforted, *Celona*.

Celo. I was born

To be unhappy, and I have my Lot:

This is the Portion was reserv'd for me,

Unhappy in the dearest Names of Love,

A Wife, and Daughter; and I'm past the Care,

The miserable Care of Comfort now.

Yet I will bear this wretched load of Life,

But far remov'd, and shut out from the World,

No more to be remember'd in my Wrongs.

Leon. Thou wott not leave thy Father?

Celo. I am gone already, Sir.

Leon. Forsake his hopeless Age?

[*Celona goes to Euphemia, brings her forward;
and presents her to Leonidas.*]

Celo. The Gods are present to you, and have sent
This Blessing yet in store to raise your Hopes.

Leon. My Child! I had forgot thee in the Crowd
Of busy Fate. O! do I hold thee safe!

The Gods have been thy Guard, and my Support.

Celo. And be they ever so. The Winter's Rage,
That tore your Branches from the bleeding Trunk,
Is now succeeded by the healing Spring,

To stanch its Wounds, and make it sprout anew.

Receive her, as that welcome Spring of Life,

Pregnant of future Blessings for the World,

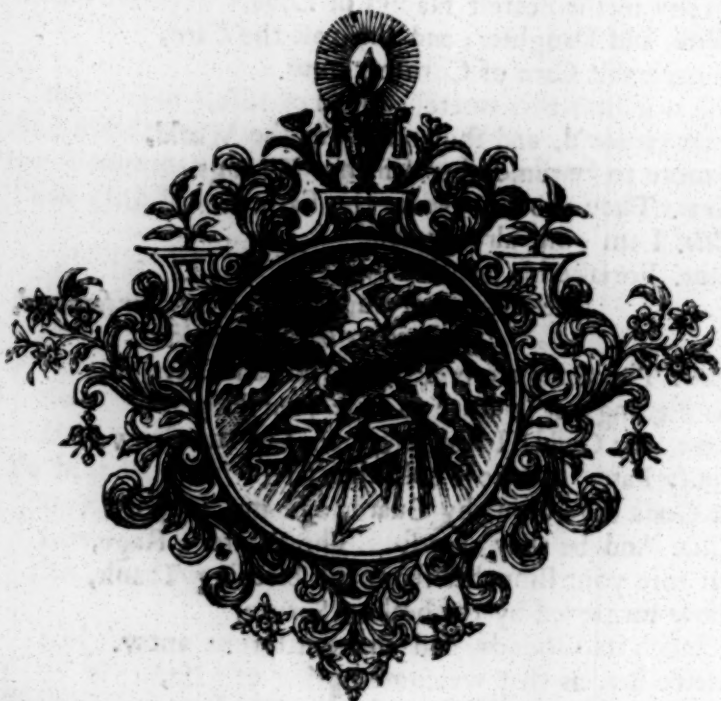
To rise in Comforts on a Father's Age.

Her teeming Virtues shall enrich this Land,

With

With the most worthy Progeny of Kings,
 A long Posterity of happy Times.
Euphemia is the promise of the Year,
 A golden Harvest rises to your Hopes,
 " All Hearts rejoicing in the Fruits of Peace:
 O! be that Promise every Year renew'd,
 And in its circling Plenty be fulfill'd!
 So shall her gentle Influence cheer Mankind,
 And ripen this into an Age of Gold.
Saturnian Days may then again return,
 And ev'n *Celona's* Grievs forget to mourn.

Leon. *The guilty Wretch thus does the Thunder tear:*
The Innocent, involv'd by being near,
Are blasted, and the spreading Ruin share.





EPILOGUE,

Written by Major *Richardson*
Pack.

OUR Author's Muse a num'rous Issue boasts,
And many of the Daughters have been Toasts.
She who now last appears upon the Stage,
(The Hopes and Joy of his declining Age)
With modest Fears, a cens'ring World to shun,
Retir'd awhile, and liv'd conceal'd a Nun:
At length, releas'd from that Restraint, the Dame
Trusts to the Town her Fortune, and her Fame.
Absence, and Time, have lost her many Friends,
But this bright Circle makes her large Amends.
To You, Fair Judges, she submits her Cause;
Nor doubts, if You approve, the Mens Applause.
Some sullen formal Rogue perhaps may lour,
(Rebel to Female, as to Royal Pow'r)
But all the Gay, the Gallant, and the Great,
On Beauty's Standard with Ambition wait.
Glory is vain, where Love has had no Part:
The Post of Honour is a Woman's Heart.
Ev'n Chains are Ornaments, that You bestow;
The more your Slaves, the prouder still We grow.
Man, a rough Creature, savage form'd and rude,
By You to gentler Manners is subdu'd:

EPILOGUE.

*In the sweet Habitude we grow refin'd,
And polish Strength with Elegance of Mind.
Our Sex may represent the bolder Pow'rs;
The Graces, Muses, and the Virtues, Yours.*

*But ah! 'tis Pity, that for want of Care,
Madmen and Fops your Bounty sometimes share,
Wretches in Wit's Despight and Nature's born,
Beneath your Favour, nay, below your Scorn.
May poor Celona's Wrongs a Warning prove,
And teach the Fair with Dignity to Love.
Let Wealth ne'er tempt you to abandon Sense,
Nor Knaves seduce you with their grave Pretence.
Be vile Profaneness ever in Disgrace,
And Vice abhor'd, as treacherous, and base.
Revere Yourself; and, conscious of your Charms,
Receive no Damon to an Angel's Arms.
Success can then alone your Vows attend,
When Worth's the Motive, Constancy the End.*

F I N I S.

